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They Chart Their Own Careers

FIFTY YEARS AGO, the selection of a life's work was often a haphazard affair, circumscribed by financial opportunity, parental pressure (well-meaning, but often misguided), and the relatively narrow choice of fields that then existed.

Today, young men and women in America enjoy the limitless horizons of a highly specialized age. Literally thousands of careers are open to them. But the complexities of the modern world have created a new problem for career-minded youngsters. Inevitably the question arises: "There are thousands of jobs—but which one is the right job for *me*?"

To help solve this problem, nearly 1,000 persons register each month at the New York University Testing and Advisement Center in New York City. Here, as at other leading vocational-guidance centers throughout the country, the new science of aptitude testing is providing them with concrete—and often astonishing—answers to the difficulties encountered in charting a successful future.

Little understood 25 years ago, aptitude testing has made enormous strides with the establishment of centers at many universities. The science is also being widely adopted by business concerns and industrial plants to aid in the proper placement of personnel.

Combining a scientific assessment of natural abilities with a study of personality and temperament, aptitude testing has taken the guesswork out of career planning and, for thousands of "graduates" throughout the country, has opened a wide, new world.



Aptitude tests are widely varied, often complex. This dexterity test measures ability in precision work.



The results of tests are carefully tabulated and assessed. Few persons know the range of their aptitudes.



Tests often reveal unsuspected talents and abilities. Many persons are encouraged to enter fields that they felt were beyond their capabilities. Others are discouraged from wasting energy in fields unsuited to them.



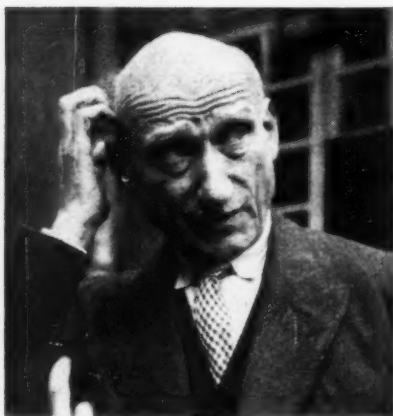
Test scores, together with information obtained through interviewing, provide a scientific basis for career planning. Job opportunities are thoroughly explored, and an intelligent program for the "graduate's" future is prepared.



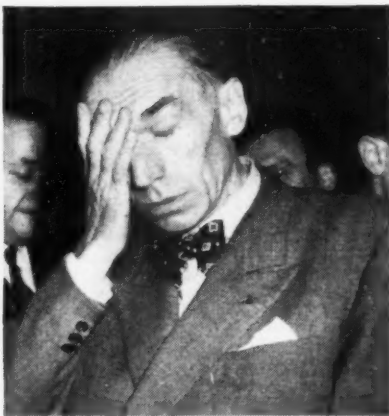
Charles de Gaulle led a provisional government as both premier and president.



Léon Blum was premier twice, once resigning after only three weeks in office.



Robert Schumann, premier twice, also foreign minister, can't help wondering.



André Marie headed the eighth French government since 1945, lasted five weeks.

NATIONAL HEADACHE

THE VOLATILE French system of government has given more than 60 men the premier's portfolio since 1875. Many have served more than once, and one as often as ten times. Camille Chautemps achieved the dubious distinction of heading the shortest

government of all—it lasted one day.

Obviously, all this does not make for security among French statesmen. President Truman can go fishing if problems of state become too onerous. French leaders might be private citizens on a return from vacation.

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BECAUSE Warner Brothers has given new dimensions to the vivid novel which Dorothy Baker patterned after the tragic life of Bix Beiderbecke. A series of flash backs to the 1920s tells the story of a jazz musician who saves his first \$14 to buy a trumpet, makes the arduous climb to the top, then tumbles to bitter degradation. Kirk Douglas, as the immortal trumpeter, more than matches his stellar performance in *Champion*.



"CINDERELLA"

BECAUSE Walt Disney has given America a worthy successor to *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. This R-K-O version of tiny slippers, palace-clocks-striking-midnight and pumpkins-turned-into-coaches sparkles on the screen. Cinderella is more beautiful, her stepmother more wicked, and the fairy god-mother more resourceful and gracious than ever before. Mothers and fathers would do well to let the children take them along.

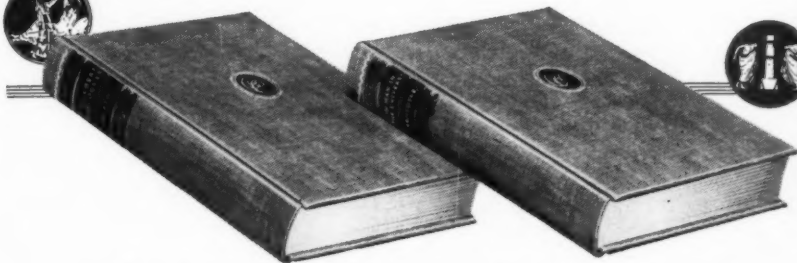


"SAMSON AND DELILAH"

BECAUSE Cecil B. DeMille has climaxed a career in dramatic spectacles with his Paramount production of this ancient story of the Bible. Victor Mature plays the man of iron among the Philistines, and Hedy Lamarr is the beautiful temptress who discovers the source of Samson's incredible strength and betrays him to his enemies. The destruction of the Philistine temple is among the most awesome scenes in recent movie history.

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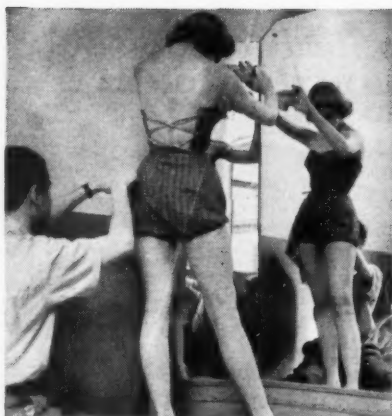
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MARCH, 1950

11



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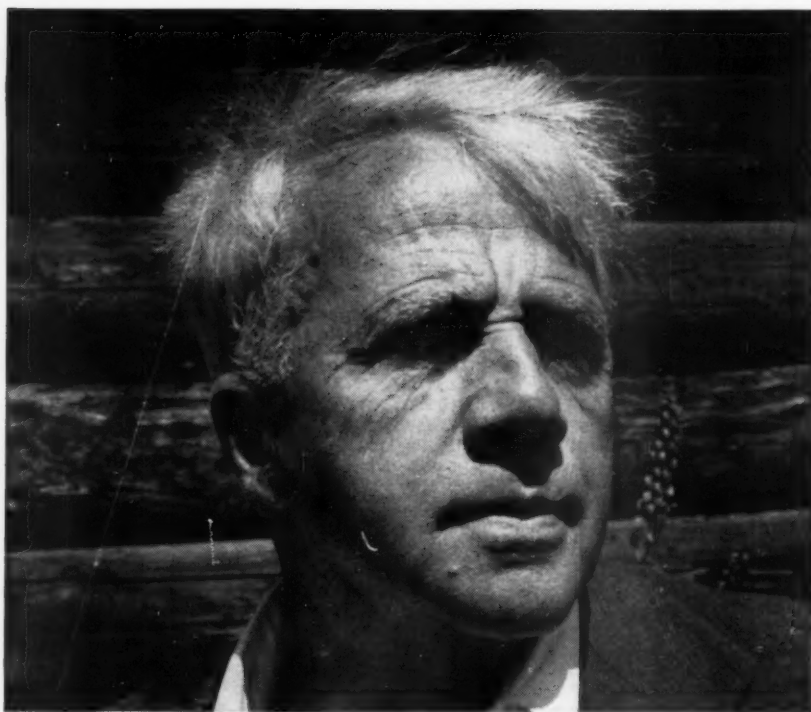
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The Voice of New England

"A POEM BEGINS with a lump in the throat; a homesickness or a love-sickness. It is a reaching out toward expression, an effort to find fulfillment."

In this way does Robert Frost, dean of American poets, describe the brooding, deep-set yearnings out of which have been born his tender tales of New England farmers and hired hands. In these words lies the story of a Vermont farmer who was moved to poetry by the beauty and poignancy of the life he found in every stilled field, beyond every snow-covered hill.

His is a cracker-barrel wisdom. High-laced shoes and a single-minded philosophy bespeak his three-quarters-of-a-

century trust in the tried and true. Frost's stubborn conventionality of form have led poets of the *avant-garde* to view him as a conventional thinker. Yet his very consistency has made him one of the world's most widely read writers and America's poet laureate.

Much has been made of the fact that Frost was born 3,000 miles from the scene of his greatest love, and that he later lived in England, amid a circle of poets and dreamers. Yet New England is as much a part of him as it was of his forbears. And though Robert Frost will lightly say that he is a Rambler in search of kindred spirits, his poetry is a tribute to Yankee rock and soil.

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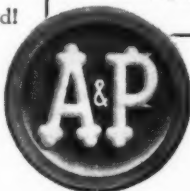
Place 2 cans Ann Page Beans (any style) in baking dish. Cut ½ lb. frankfurters into inch slices; spread with Ann Page Prepared Mustard. Arrange on 5 skewers alternating with small cooked onions, slices of dill pickle and thick tomato slices. Brush with oil; place on beans. Bake in hot oven (400°F.) 30 minutes. Serves 5.



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Chicagoan Arlene Lindahl follows in Ellen Church's footsteps with United.



Ann Coffey flies for Pan-American. Most stewardesses are under 26, 135 pounds.

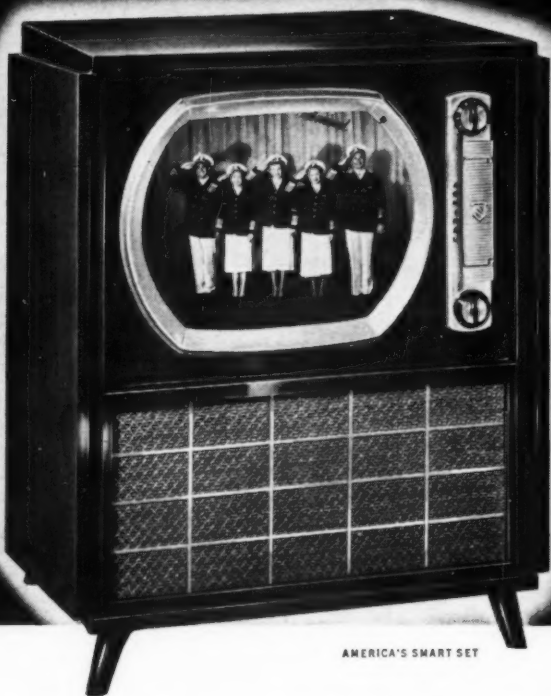
High Fliers.

A SLIGHT BUT energetic woman was the world's first air-line stewardess. Ellen Church cajoled a United Airlines' manager into a chance to fly in 1930. Soon, she was aloft more than on the ground. Today, the stewardesses who

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"LIGHTS OUT"

Mon., 9 PM, EST—NBC-TV

"STOP THE MUSIC"

Thurs., 8 PM, EST—ABC-TV



Lee De Forest and the audion tube.



He is still making electronic progress.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW ?

LEE DE FOREST, known as the Father of Radio, was once haled into court on charges of fraud. Holding a small globe before a puzzled jury, the district attorney scornfully said: "This man claims that this worthless device will some day transmit the human voice across the Atlantic."

Let off with a solemn reprimand, De Forest went doggedly back to work on his "worthless device."

He was a lean, shabby inventor who went barefoot in his room in order to save expensive shoe leather. His unfortunate habit of blowing out electric fuses once cost him a laboratory job when the auditorium went dark during a lecture because of his tinkering.

Finally he contracted to report a yacht race by wireless, a race which operators of the great Marconi were also covering. It didn't occur to these inventive geniuses to use different wave lengths. They jammed each others' signals and neither got a message through.

It was not long before De Forest's bad luck turned. He was given financial backing in a machine shop and wireless station. But the "worthless device" continued to intrigue him, and he announced: "I'll try to send the human voice through the air instead of messages by dots and dashes."

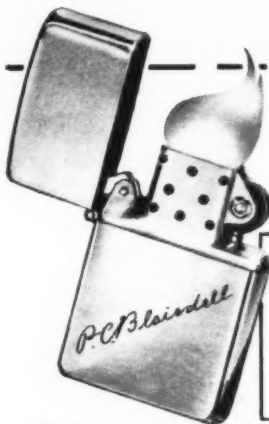
And finally, after years of trying, he perfected the audion tube, paving the way for inventions which gave the world wireless telephony, talking movies, television, radar, and is still producing industrial innovations.

Yet De Forest has never been able to capitalize fully on his great work. His inventive genius far exceeded his business ability, and in 1937 he filed a petition in bankruptcy. Now, at 76, he has finally attained a measure of security and a full share of scientific honors. His Hollywood diathermy plant leaves him free to pursue the new ideas which still spur him. The Father of Radio may yet gain another and greater title.



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Engraving \$1 extra.

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One zip and Zippo is lit . . .
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Zippo Lighters at better stores
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**Make any lighter work better
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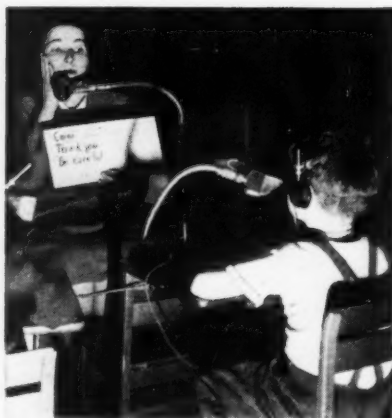
Zippo Mfg. Co. Canada, Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ont.



At New York's Lexington School for the Deaf, youngsters are taught to "hear."



Children not totally deaf use the speaking tube to develop patterns of speech.



Charts and a pair of earphones provide a two-way system of communication.



After a year of nursery classes, paper patterns are used for developing speech.

Voices in a Void

SUPPOSE you were transported to a strange land where you had no possible way of learning the language. Your reaction would border on panic. And yet, this same feeling is shared by the deaf child who goes through life without training, neither participating

in nor contributing to the world around him. Now, at special schools, deaf children are taught to speak and understand. Because basically they are like other youngsters, they graduate as well-rounded individuals, equipped to cope with life and its problems.

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plus the greatest eye comfort ever achieved in television! Plus built-in antenna, Automatic Sound. Superbly styled table models and consoles, from \$179.95 in the East. Tax, installation extra. General Electric Co., Syracuse, New York.

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You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL  **ELECTRIC**



THEY APE OUR DIET

ACCORDING TO Prof. Robert M. Yerkes, who has spent more than a quarter of a century in a careful study and comparison of apes and human beings, the chimpanzee, if he were forced to make a choice, would probably prefer food to a mate, companionship and home, which seems to be a much more callous attitude than that adopted by most people. And popular movies and fiction about Tarzan to the contrary notwithstanding, most primates definitely do *not* prefer their steaks freshly ripped from the flank of the nearest antelope. In fact, members of the monkey family are mainly vegetarians and are fed

fresh fruit, vegetables and cereal in captivity.

Metabolic studies have shown that there is quite a similarity in the nutritional requirements of man and chimp. The principal feeding problem of zoos and circuses is that of achieving the proper variety, proportion and quantity, a problem with which most mothers are thoroughly familiar.

In the matter of diet, apes develop and cultivate special tastes, a situation which is readily understandable. They like pineapple and bananas, and baboons have a special fondness for sunflower seed.

LITTLE LULU



Jelly sandwiches call for Kleenex®!

*Little Lulu says: TO WIPE LUNCH-SMEARED FACES,
FINGERS - SOOTHE NOSES DURING COLDS - LET THE SMALL-
FRY TAKE A BOX OF KLEENEX TISSUES TO SCHOOL.
SOFT! STRONG! POPS UP! SAVES CLOTHES, LAUNDRY, MONEY*

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CARMEN

Triumphs Again

THE MEETING BETWEEN mezzo-soprano Risé Stevens and the opera *Carmen* was inevitable—and climactic. When it happened, critics cast about for superlatives to describe the triumph of the tall, striking brunette in the role of the fiery Spanish gypsy.

When Georges Bizet's *Carmen* was first produced in Paris in March, 1875, his fame as a composer was already widespread. But *Carmen* was instantly recognized as his masterpiece, and though he died three months after the initial performance, this musical testament to his memory remained a part of every operatic repertoire.

Miss Stevens, who seemed destined for opera from childhood, once turned down a Metropolitan contract because she felt that she lacked experience for this highest goal in opera. But it was not long before she was as sure she wanted to perform for the Metropolitan as they were sure they wanted her. Everywhere, audiences were enchanted by her "lovely blooming voice" and unoperatic beauty and glamour.

In this remarkable series of photographs, Miss Stevens, with Ramon Vinay as Don José and Walter Cassel as Escamillo, portrays the tempestuous romance of the gypsy girl, Carmen, who enslaves the peasant soldier, Don José. "As I see Carmen," she says, "her fatality lies not in her aggressiveness but in the fact that she is like a blinding light which attracts the world around her . . . Only in the last scene with Don José does she realize that the light has gone from her and that she casts a shadow which is the blackness of her impending death."



"Love is wary when you await him; await him not, and he is there! . . . I love you. But if I love you, beware of me."



"If you love me, Carmen . . . then indeed, at this moment, you may be proud of me!" . . . "Ah, I do, Escamillo, I do."



"Carmen, do my senses all leave me? If I yield, can you deceive me? . . . Ah! If I do love you . . . will you love me?"



"But when anyone takes our Gypsy girls away, are you aware that he must pay? . . . My rage . . . it finds a vent at last."



"You shall not go in here, Carmen, with me you are to go!" . . . "Let me go, Don José, for I will not follow you!"



"Carmen, you are going with me!" . . . "No, no . . . Strike me at once, or let me go to him!" . . . "There! . . . you demon!"



Diana has the Barrymore talent.



John, Jr. has the Barrymore profile.

Barrymores Forever

THE BARRYMORES will remain the first family of the theater if Diana, daughter of John Barrymore and Michael Strange, has her way—and the Barrymores traditionally have their way.

Walter Wanger, perceiving the value of the Barrymore name and recognizing the Barrymore gift, gave Diana the lead in *Eagle Squadron*. She displayed no temperament, performed quietly and brilliantly.

What was regarded as the Barrymore temper flashed briefly in Diana's next picture. When costar Robert Cummings failed to slap her convincingly after 22 tries, Diana kicked him in the shins. The resulting slap was prompt, convincing and painful. "That slapping would have gone on all day unless he got angry," Diana explained later.

FOR YEARS, Dolores Costello resisted the efforts of film studios to sign her son, John Barrymore, Jr., to a contract. Then, when he was almost 17, she consulted his aunt, grand matriarch Ethel Barrymore. In her inimitably deep voice, Ethel observed, "The boy's almost 17, isn't he? All of *us* started acting long before we were 17." So young John signed his first contract.

John's dark, penetrating looks make it impossible to conceal the fact that he is a Barrymore, yet he has avoided his father's techniques. "I don't want to be a carbon copy," he says.

So, even if Diana should forsake the theater, there would still be another young Barrymore to redeem the promise of a father who was one of the great Hamlets of stage history.

PHOTO CREDITS: Pages 6-7 and 20, International News Photos; 8, Robert Cohen from Black Star and Wide World; 10, Warner Brothers, R-K-O-Radio Pictures and Paramount Pictures; 12, Raymond Schorr; 14, Brown Brothers; 16, TWA, Northwest, United and Pan-American Airlines; 18, Brown Brothers and Wide World; 22, Vlla from Rapho-Guillumette; 24-25, Harry Litof; 26, International News Photos and Wide World Photos.

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Handsome wood cabinet has built-in antenna. Matching Consolette Base is optional, extra. AC. RCA Victor TI 64.

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This RCA Victor "45" automatic record changer attachment plays the new 45 rpm records through the tone system of this—or any—set. Today's "best-seller," it's the system of the future! Only \$12.95



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WORLD LEADER IN RADIO
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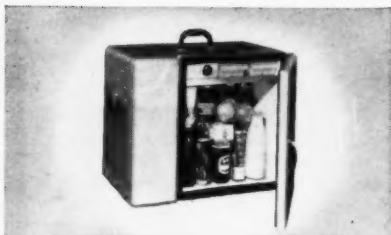
Prices are subject to change without notice.

Division of Radio Corporation of America

MARCH, 1950

27

Coronet's Family Shopper



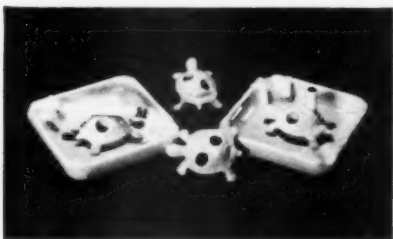
IT'S REALLY cold inside this portable electric refrigerator. Stock its $1\frac{1}{2}$ cubic feet with food, use it in country cottage, office, on camping trips. Easy to carry, weighs only 43 lbs. (item 1)



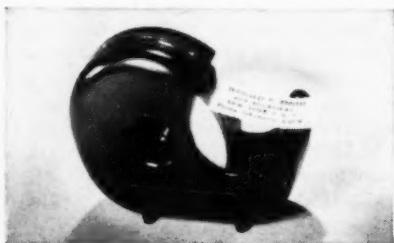
DRIVE IN RAIN without having the windshield cloud with these modern-looking ventilators attached to your car windows. They cut glare and drafts, keep you cool in summer. (item 2)



SHAVING CREAM is fed directly to the bristles of this brush from the hollow handle. Fine for travelers, and for the man who hates to bother with extra equipment in the morning rush. (item 3)



CIGARETTE SNUFFING is Tommy Turtle's business. This china ash-tray tortoise has a groove for lighted cigarettes, and puts out butts without crushing or grinding the ends. (item 4)



TIRED OF WRITING your name and address on packages, records, athletic equipment and letters? Your problems end with this personalized cellophane tape, available in various colors. (item 5)



PAINT WITH THE odor removed makes it possible to redecorate comfortably in any weather. Eat dinner in the dining room the evening after paint is applied, and sleep with ease. (item 6)

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Magnificent!

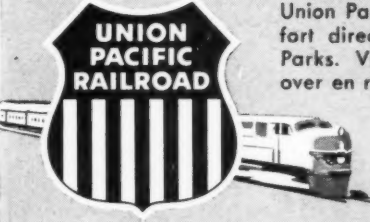
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Breath-taking in size... color that changes with the course of the sun. See Grand Canyon, together with Utah's Zion and Bryce Canyon National Parks—on one memorable motor-bus tour. A triple travel treat!

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PACIFIC
RAILROAD

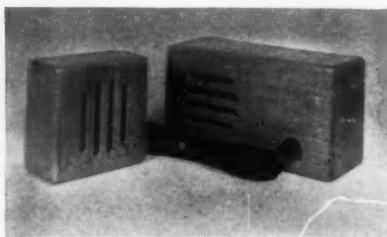
Coronet's Family Shopper



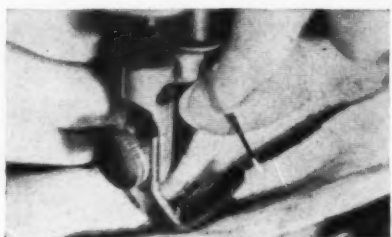
WHETHER YOU steam-iron or dry-iron, set the fabric dial at separate temperatures for each method. This stainless-steel iron also can be filled from the tap, without using a funnel. (item 7)



STOP DRIPPING faucets and repair worn-out ones with this kit, which contains tools and parts. The simple directions on the card make it easy for any householder to do a good job. (item 8)



MODERN BABY-SITTING is made easy with this two-way intercommunications system. Hear baby cry when you're in the kitchen, use it office to office, or farmhouse to barn. (item 9)



SLIP THIS SEAM-ripper in place of your sewing-machine needle, run it over the seam, and remake your old clothes without drudgery. The ripping needle won't cut or pucker fabric. (item 10)



NEITHER THE fish nor your temper will get away from you if you use this de-snagger. The rustproof cylinder slides over your line, releasing the hook or lure caught on the bottom. (item 11)



FLATTER HER fancy with a compact which opens automatically when she pulls the lipstick out. In gold-colored metal, the compact has a fluffy puff, and a deep well for powder. (item 12)



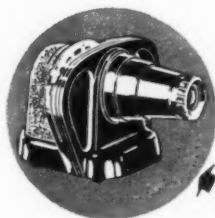
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**VIEW-MASTER FULL COLOR PICTURES THAT
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They're lifelike... instructive... entertaining! Every member of your family will be amazed by the true-to-life beauty, color and depth of View-Master's new stereoscopic picture releases. Subjects include Egypt and Alaska for "armchair travellers"; The Easter Story, Adventures of Tarzan, Performing

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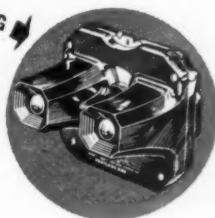
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ASK TO SEE

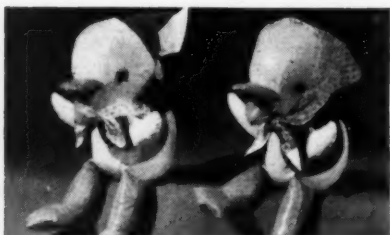
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FULL COLOR PICTURES

FOR 2 DIMENSION PROJECTION



Coronet's Family Shopper



PERKY PLASTIC-covered ducks will make any child welcome the Easter bunny. The little boy duck sports a bow tie beneath his yellow bill; the girl keeps warm with a kerchief. (item 13)



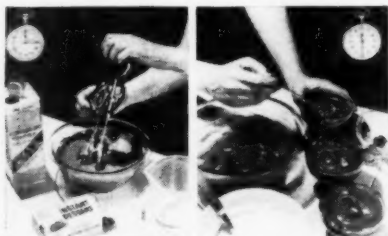
TILE YOUR WALL and get no messy cement on your hands with this new type which you install yourself. Dip the tile in water to remove protective paper, dry, and press into place. (item 14)



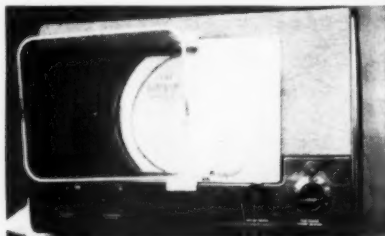
WHEN YOU WEAR this water-repellent silk scarf, rainy-day blues vanish. As pretty and gay as go-to-meeting headgear, it keeps curls dry, still looks good when the sun shines. (item 15)




MAKE A HANDSOME lampshade in a few hours by winding colorful wool around a specially designed frame. Now you can match shades to your room without custom prices. (item 16)




PUDDINGS to please the family can now be made without cooking. Just add milk or fruit juice to a package of this new mix, beat for 30 seconds, and you have a flavorful dessert. (item 17)




GLARELESS TELEVISION viewing makes home entertainment happier. This Polaroid filter locks in reflections from lamps or windows, makes daylight reception a pleasant reality. (item 18)



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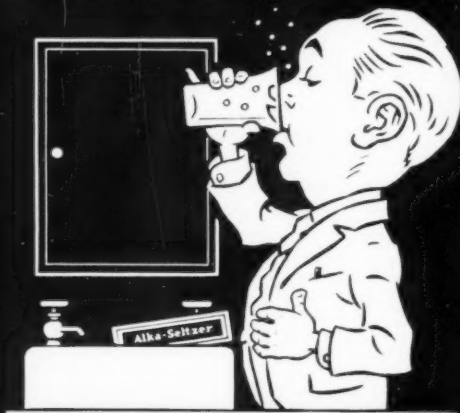


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When Acid Indigestion
Follows a heavy meal
Try **Alka-Seltzer** for "*First Aid*"
And see how good you feel.

Use it also for *FAST RELIEF* of
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What's your dog's cutest trick?

Tell us about it and win one of the many CASH PRIZES in

PARD'S \$15,000 SMART PUP CONTEST

411 WINNERS! Grand Prize \$5000

5 prizes—\$1000 each	20 prizes—\$100 each
35 prizes—\$20 each	50 prizes—\$10 each

Next 300 prizes—Each a full case of famous Pard from your dealer, 48 complete one-dish-dinners worth \$6 retail.



Easy—Here's all you do! Here's a contest that's new, different, fun... and worthwhile! Just tell us how your dog is *almost human*. No "circus" tricks. It can be something cute your dog learned all by himself. Entries judged on naturalness and clearness in telling, and general interest of the tricks.

Here's how: Just write out the trick in 100 words or less. Use any sheet of paper—or the official entry blank available at your dealer's. Sign your name and address, attach two PARD labels, and mail to:

PARD'S "SMART PUP" CONTEST

P. O. Box 5955, Dept. I, Chicago 77, Illinois

Send 2 labels for each trick entered. Entries must be postmarked before Mar. 31, 1950; received before Apr. 15, 1950. Open to all in U. S., territories, possessions, and Canada, except Swift's employees and adv. agents, etc.

NOTE: This is all the information you need to enter. Details of legality, for purposes of record, are printed on the official entry blank at dealers.

Smart-pup owners feed PARD the complete one-dish-dinner!

It's *smart* to feed your dog properly, *smart* to feed Pard. No mixing or fixing—Pard is a complete diet in itself. No additional meat is ever needed!

Pard is as pure as the foods your family eats—firm and fresh, with a clean, meaty aroma. If your dog is a "feeding problem", try Pard. Pick up several cans today!

What's Your Hurry?

by JOHN R. HERON



THIS ARTICLE DOES NOT set itself up as a confident counselor in mental and physical health, but merely attempts to break down a problem that bedevils almost every adult nowadays, and no one more than the businessman.

The problem is the feeling of being pushed. We cannot put our finger on anything that is causing it; we cannot point confidently at the goal to which we are being pushed. We just keep rushing along never finding time to do the things that seem to be pressing upon us.

We are victims of a mounting tension. We have difficulty in relaxing. We are sensitive, and doubtful, and always in a hurry. Our

high-strung nervous systems give us no time for repose.

A curious symptom is that we talk more than we did of "next" and less of things done. It's always the "next" job, the "next" week, the "next" problem to tackle.

It is sad but true that the persons held up by our culture as most praiseworthy are also most likely to overdo the pace of life. Teachers maintaining discipline in a restive young race; doctors trying to cope with crowded reception rooms; stenographers who must do so many words a minute if they are to get their work out; businessmen rushing from piled-up desks to business-conference lunches and

back again; farmers deprived of help by the lure of city life—all are examples of high-tension living.

Often people in good faith deny that they are under tension. But to the keen observer there are signs: unnecessary hand-waving and pencil-tapping, wrinkled foreheads, frowns, vacant stares, restlessness.

"Worry" is commonly blamed. The mind can do wonders in the way of work and adjustment to disturbances, but it is soon wrecked by worry. If gravestones told the truth, nine out of ten would say: "This man's life was shortened several years by the fear of bad developments, most of which never happened."

Worry is a most illogical thing. Often it is not the things we do but the things we don't get done that worry us. We find ourselves harassed by an accumulation of jobs, in the factory, the home, the office, the garden, or in social circles. We worry about the past, which can't be helped, and about the future, without affecting it for our good. Silly? Yes—but are the things we worry about any more sensible? Things past or present, real or "might be"; acts done or left undone—all are grist to our worry mill.

THE SEARCH FOR PRESTIGE leads to all kinds of neurotic bypaths; some are unhappy without white-walled tires on their cars, others like to have their names emblazoned on stationery and speakers' programs; the social climber must sit "above the salt" or suffer heartburn, and, as Dr. D. Ewen Cameron puts it in his book, *Life Is for Living*, as a white-collar worker you

demand cloth towels in your washroom instead of paper ones which are much more sanitary but are the hallmark of the manual worker's washroom.

The man who keeps his balance realizes that he can't do, be, and have all he would like. By reducing the number of his desires and fears, he finds himself able to cast aside the jitters and to work toward accomplishment instead of striving.

The high price so many men pay for what they get out of life need not be exacted at all. They are not realists. Persons who complain of the "pressure" of modern life, but neglect ordinary health precautions; people who bewail the loss of youthful vigor without finding compensating factors—these people are intellectually immature.

Likely the doctor will say you need more rest, and the chances are 100-to-one that he is right. Most of us go beyond the point of normal fatigue and even exhaust our capacity for "running on nerves." We borrow against our capital reserves. We put up as collateral such temporary aids as emotional goads, coffee, alcohol and "the demands of life." The only way to get out of the red is by rest.

Not only time in bed counts as resting. Short periods of relaxation throughout the day result in far less fatigue for the total work accomplished than when you attempt to carry on in a long stretch. Sir William Osler wrote in 1910: "The ordinary high-pressure business or professional man suffering from angina pectoris may find relief, or even cure, in the simple process of slowing the engines."

One point we do wish to make

emphatically is that enough time should be taken for a leisurely lunch, completely divorced from business. And relaxing at lunch may have its counterpart throughout the business day.

Between appointments, why not sit back with closed eyes and released muscles? While dictating, why not put your feet up on a stool or chair? If you have a mid-morning orange juice and an afternoon cup of tea, don't gulp them at your desk while reading a sizzling letter from a customer: stand up at the window and relax muscles, eyes, and mind.

But there is more to it. Relaxation is good for the mind and body. More vacations are needed. Dr. Edgar V. Allen of the Mayo Clinic told a group of executives: "If one could calculate the efficiency of an executive in terms of total contribution to an industry, one would probably find that, within certain limits, his contribution increased in proportion to his vacations."

Most effective year-round release from rush and tension is in the home. When you can look forward to spending the evening in your peaceful family circle, it gives a glow to your whole day.

In keeping his balance amid the turmoil of business life, a man must shuffle off the tasks that do not

require his personal genius, keeping his mind free for decisions that matter. It is necessary that some of the business be left to subordinates, that report-reading be reduced to a minimum, that drawn-out meetings be ruthlessly cut off, that routine be left to others.

Probably 75 per cent of the things a key executive does could be done by subordinates. Secretaries can write routine letters; after the amenities are satisfied, telephone calls can be referred to heads of departments for detailed attention; your own letters and conversation can be cut to the bone; reports you have to read should be brief.

Let us look at some examples from Winston Churchill's management of the war. He demanded compression of information into the shortest possible space. This demand was not confined to trivial things. On one occasion he asked for the latest ideas for the structure and organization of an armored division and added: "This should be prepared on one sheet of paper, showing all the principal elements and accessories."

Another request, to be answered on one sheet, was for information about arrangements for Channel convoys "now that the Germans are all along the French coast."

BESIDES CUTTING DOWN demands upon time and energy within his own organization, a man needs to guard against encroachments from outside. One of the most dangerous occupational hazards to which business executives are exposed is the invitation to serve on boards of professional, industrial or

After a varied career as accountant, teacher, preacher, principal of an Indian school, reporter and editor, John R. Heron is now public-relations adviser for the Royal Bank of Canada. A resident of Montreal, he is also the author of the bank's *Monthly Letter*, in which "What's Your Hurry?" first appeared.

community groups. These are good and worthy activities, but the executive has only 24 hours a day in his life, and a limited number of years to live.

By slowing the pace of business living, we gain more than physical and mental health—more, even, than efficiency. Caught up as we are in the rush of life, we have forgotten in part how to live. We have forgotten how to find simple things charming. Taking a walk at night under the stars does something to you that not all the successful business deals can provide.

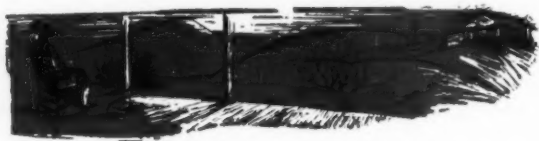
Everything mentioned as an antidote for the present mad pace of life calls for a facing of facts regarding ourselves, our jobs, and our future. It is easy to convince ourselves that the present way is the accustomed way, and therefore right. Actually, nothing would be

better for us than to ask about even the most casual action: "Is there any other way of doing this?"

These are abnormal days. We must meet them with firmness, admitting our susceptibility to injurious influences and doing what we can to get rid of physical and emotional strain. We need to learn to overcome what troubles can be surmounted, and adapt ourselves to those that are as yet incurable.

People who are on the rush all day and far into the night are not living fully. The true life of man does not consist in reckless surrender to forces he cannot explain; life at its best should be harmonious adjustment of necessity and desire, of what must be done and what we should like to do. It should be, as Carlyle said in writing about Goethe, "The calm supremacy of the spirit over its circumstances."

Good Neighbor



IN THE VERY CENTER of the vast George Vanderbilt estate near Asheville, an old Negro owned a tiny plot of land which no money could buy. Within sight of the palatial Vanderbilt mansion he sat on his small front porch, contentedly surveying his domain. Every possible inducement was offered the man to sell his land and move, but to everyone he invariably made the same reply:

"Now look at it f'm my side o' de fence, suh. All my life I'se been

pestered wid bad neighbors. Dey comes home late at night, 'toxicated an' whoopin' an' hollerin'. Dey runs into my fence an' smacks it down. Dey sneaks into my smokehouse an' steals my bacon an' ham an' sossige. Now Mistah Vanderbilt over dere treats me square. He don't git 'toxicated. He don't knock my fence down. An' he stays out o' my smokehouse. So I jus' made up my mind dat now I'se got a good neighbor, I'se goin' to stick to him." —Nuggets



Rackets 'Round the Home

by HENRY LEE and FRANK BROCK

Beware the swindlers who mulet America's householders of a billion dollars a year!

HOMEOWNERSHIP is unquestionably a keystone for full, secure family living in America. That is why government, press and private industry rightly exhort veterans and parents to sacrifice toward that goal. Yet, once a man becomes a property owner, he simultaneously becomes a target for many unblushing schemes and rackets.

Curiously, although homeownership is the soundest public policy, he will find little protection in the civil and criminal codes. The moment he decides upon repairs or renovation, he must operate under the ruthless old law of *Caveat emptor*—let the buyer beware!

Even experts who know the scandalous situation best—honest union labor, reputable contractors and building-supply dealers who them-

selves are victimized—can't estimate the loot extracted by organized racketeers and dishonest local craftsmen. But on a conservative basis, they calculate that it is a \$1,000,000,000-a-year racket!

Whether the job involves roofing, siding, painting, plumbing, carpentry, electricity, heating or any repair trade, the catalogue of complaints against vultures-in-overalls will be limited only by the number of homeowners in your acquaintance. Of course, in several of these fields, city ordinances and union standards protect the householder on safety and minimum quality of workmanship. But rarely is there any protection against overpricing or unnecessary work—beyond what he learns for himself.

Here, in capsule form, is the triple

threat which faces every homeowner in the country:

Unnecessary Work. High-pressure salesmen, working for commissions of 20 per cent and higher, will talk him into needless jobs. In Detroit, a roofing-siding company, whose 40 salesmen made "commissions" of up to \$457 on an \$890 job, unblushingly asked the state Corporation and Securities Commission for licensing as residential maintenance and alteration contractors. After the Better Business Bureau had submitted its files on the company, the Commission not only rejected the application but found the copartners guilty of practices best summed up in the final specification—"Conduct constituting unfair dealing."

Dishonest Work. In Phoenix, Arizona, a classified advertisement attracted many unwary homeowners. It promised a guarantee on new gutter installations and also on the cleaning and repairing of old gutters. But, according to complaints that piled up, leaky gutters remained leaky and new installations did not live up to the glib promises. Remember: a guarantee is no better than the man or firm making it!

Overpriced Work. Recently in suburban Nassau County, outside New York City, a householder had trouble starting his oil burner. A local heating contractor reported that a new pump (price \$47) was needed. When the wary owner double-checked, he found the trouble was only a clogged pipe—cost, \$3.50.

Again it should be emphasized that the above is not a wholesale indictment of *all* craftsmen, contractors and suppliers. It is an indictment of the unethical ones who blacken their own trades and de-

fraud the homeowner—and, particularly, of many Johnny-come-latelys who entered the lush home-repair business at the end of the war.

For example, from such widely separated areas as Fort Wayne, Indiana, and Seattle, Washington, similar complaints poured in about a team of sprayers who sloppily daubed houses, flowers and shrubs with crankcase oil and kerosene instead of linseed oil and chrome powder. The "sprayers," an investigation disclosed, were members of a notorious mob which formerly traveled the West, peddling fake laces and counterfeit furs!

THE LOS ANGELES County Grand Jury, warning against large advance payments to unknown contractors, points up a little-known legal trick often turned against the homeowner. The advance, absolutely and unconditionally, becomes the property of the contractor.

"Then, if the money advanced is not used by the contractor for buying materials or carrying on the project as agreed," the jury points out, "the owner merely has a civil suit for breach of contract."

Or take this clever double-play in roofing salesmanship which was operated recently in Oklahoma. A salesman for the X Company, peddling an extra-heavy composition shingle available through the "manufacturer," aroused the homeowner's enthusiasm by dramatically turning a blowtorch on his sample. But, he added sadly, the shingle wouldn't be available for months, unless he could persuade his boss to set up a "demonstration" home in that neighborhood.

Next, a second X salesman, pos-

ing as a representative of Y Company, measured the roof and gave the householder Y's quotation on the job. Then the original salesman returned with the glad news that his boss had consented to do the job at once, at \$50 under Y's figure.

You couldn't blame even a shrewd homeowner for snapping up such a "bargain." Actually, the price had been padded to allow a 20 per cent "discount" for using the home for "demonstration" purposes, and also to yield a more than fair profit to X.

The most flagrant form of the "model home" or "show home" racket lures homeowners into contracting for major repairs on the representation that there will be little or no actual cost because of "commissions." A hardy perennial of swindlers, this game has been worked all over the country.

In Cleveland, for example, an aged worker was promised a free siding job if his home could be used as a "show house" and if he signed what he thought was a "permit" for materials. Soon afterward, a local bank notified him that he owed \$1,300, payable at \$40 monthly. At last reports, it appeared that he would lose his home, thanks to the vanished racketeers.

Even salesmen for legitimate firms are not always above overwhelming the homeowner with a team of high-pressure seller and what is known in the trade as a "low-pressure man." The latter is the obliging, folksy fellow who puts business on such a personal basis that you feel it would be ungrateful to turn him down.

Recently, a friend of ours in Philadelphia was approached by one of these teams. The high-

pressure man tugged at a shingle, stepped back, and flatly announced: "Dry rot has set in. You can't save them." (They were saved.)

After glowing words about his shingles and stainless steel nails, and a warning that prices would rise shortly, he left the field to the "low-pressure man."

Investigation disclosed that the company *was* legitimate, but also was known in the trade for the liberal sales commissions it paid; that the shingles were cut down from long-length sizes broken in transit; and that it was highly doubtful whether any washed shingle would match the rest of the siding.

Even where purchasers have every reason to think they are getting Grade A material, they may be receiving shoddy stuff. For example, one large lumbermen's association spends \$3,000,000 on inspection and grading of the 30 billion feet of wood turned out yearly by its members. Yet, once the boards come into the hands of unscrupulous dealers, they can fake a Grade 1 stamp on Grade 3 lumber or, as has even happened, on "dunnage" or scrap lumber.

After a private investigation which included the use of two-way radio and telephoto cameras, it was estimated last year that at least "several million" feet of such upgraded lumber were stored in yards throughout the New York Metropolitan area. With a price spread of about \$20 per 1,000 feet between Grades 1 and 3, the game was well worth the risk.

With insulation, there is the same danger that inferior material may be palmed off on the homeowner. But here, you can take

precautions. The right kind of job requires uniform thickness, density and installation below fire stops in the walls, below windows and other partitions. Where two bidders using the same type of material are being considered, the experts recommend three determining factors:

How many pounds they propose to blow in; the comparative price per pound; and the comparative reputation and qualifications of the companies and their men.

EVEN THOUGH THEIR individual take is smaller, the small-time racketeers—dishonest local craftsmen and transients who work from town to town—also exact a heavy tribute. In Houston, it was a transient who offered rare “bargains” in staining roof shingles. With the first rain, the “stain” washed off onto white-painted walls, and it was tardily discovered that he had used burnt lubricating oil mixed with lampblack. By then, of course, he was far away.

In New England, a homeowner installed an automatic dishwasher, after checking with the manufacturer on installation costs. These should run about \$35, he was told; his plumber billed him \$75 for less than three hours’ work. He mailed a check for \$50—which was accepted without protest.

For stonework on a small terrace, a New York suburbanite got a quotation of \$600; semiskilled local labor did the job for \$150. Using similar labor and buying his own lumber, a neighbor covered his house-to-garage areaway for \$225. A carpenter contractor had estimated the job at \$2,500!

The most bewildering project is

painting. Even when the homeowner does get a “bargain” estimate, he scarcely dares accept it. In Omaha, when a transient offered such a rate, the owner gave him \$50 to buy supplies, the painter leaving his ladders as security. Ten days later, the painter had not reappeared, and a neighbor asked for the return of *his* ladders which the transient had borrowed.

If painting is done on a flat contract basis, the homeowner should make sure that, when the job requires it, the tedious preliminaries—scraping, burning, washing, puttying—are not skimmed; if he is paying by the day, he can ask, or hope, that the job will proceed with reasonable speed.

In the face of widespread home rackets, it is encouraging to report that many organizations—the FHA, banks, insurance companies and particularly the Better Business Bureaus—stand ready to help the homeowner with warning and advice. But running a home requires skilled management, and the wise owner *does for himself* wherever he can. At today’s wage rates, the savings in even minor repairs will be considerable.

If this is impracticable, he certainly can find one of those handy “home mechanics” in the neighborhood, who will impartially advise him on the best and cheapest forms of repair work. And he should be prepared for trouble by knowing in advance the name and phone number of a *reliable* plumber, electrician and furnace man.

Finally, here are seven keys to self-protection offered by the Better Business Bureaus:

1. Be sure you are dealing with a

contractor of good reputation and sound financial responsibility. It is wise to obtain several bids.

2. Do not sign papers in blank. Insist that they be entirely filled out. Read them carefully, and don't accept a salesman's word for anything. Be sure to get a copy of the agreement.

3. Ask the contractor for either a signed contract or a clause in the main contract in which he agrees not to file any mechanic's lien against your property, and to notify personally all material, supply men and subcontractors or workers to this effect. Afterwards, you must file a copy of this contract with local recording officials of your county before work begins, or within ten days after execution of the principal contract.

Unless you take this precaution, an irresponsible contractor may fail to pay subcontractors, and although you have already paid in full, liens can still be filed against your house. This will result in legal complications and, to remove the liens, you may have to pay twice for the same work.

4. Be certain that the contractor

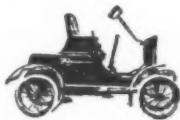
obtains any necessary permit from building-inspection authorities, before he starts work involving structural changes or the removal or change of stairs and partitions.

5. Don't fall for the "model-home" swindle, even if the asserted "commission" you are to receive is in the contract. This is purely a high-pressure selling device.

6. Never sign a "completion note" before the work is actually completed. Owners have been persuaded to sign such notes on the representation that the contractor needed additional money to purchase materials, or that they were merely signing innocent receipts. Actually, once the homeowner signs the note, the contractor can get payment from the finance company. If he then neglects to finish the job, the householder is simply out of luck.

7. As in every scheme, remember the slogans, "Read before you sign" and "Before you invest—investigate." Only by exercising wisdom and common sense can you make your home safer, more comfortable and more beautiful—without being gyped.

Ask the Man Who Owns One



VERY EARLY in the history of the Packard Motor Car Company a prospective purchaser came into the office and asked for some "sales literature" on the car.

"Explain to him that we don't

have any sales literature," Mr. Packard instructed his secretary, "and tell him—tell him to 'Ask the Man Who Owns One.'"

This is the origin of a phrase now known the world over.

—DAVID T. ARMSTRONG



by DOLPH SHARP

HOLLYWOOD'S HEADLINE HUNTER

His newspapers never reach the stands, but their circulation is enormous

IT CAN HAPPEN any evening, just as Earl Hays is ready to close up shop. A red-faced man rushes in, shouting: "Start the presses! D. F.'s got to have a new front page in half an hour."

Wearily, Hays takes off his hat and switches on the lights. His six printers have gone home. "What does D. F. want this time?"

"Oh, just a simple head—CHORUS GIRL'S THROAT SLASHED. . . . But it's got to be 1872."

As Hays starts burrowing through his valuable files, his lament addressed to the 50,000 rare items is not bitter, only wistful. "Sometimes I feel they don't treat me like the world's greatest publisher."

If total circulation figures mean anything, Earl Hays is the world's greatest publisher. The catch is that seldom does a Hays paper run to more than 15 copies, and never does it reach a newsstand.

The Hays Press, half a block from the old General Service Studios in Hollywood, turns out nothing but the printed "cinema inserts" necessary to tell a movie story effec-

tively, and 15 copies are usually enough for rehearsals and takes. Only when you watch Cornel Wilde scanning such a headline as DAVE CONNORS SUED FOR DIVORCE in a current picture, can you lay eyes on an Earl Hays paper.

Thirty-two years ago, Hays, a tall, spectacled, soft-swearing man who looks and sounds more like a professor than either a printer or a Hollywood fixture, came from a small Pennsylvania weekly to open a general print shop. One day a friend sent Mack Sennett over.

"I want to get across the idea of a pie in the face," said the slapstick king, "but for variety—without an actual pie. An ordinary subtitle would fall flat. What I need is an innovation."

"Why not a front-page headline?" suggested the news-minded Hays. "WHO THREW THE PIE IN SO-AND-SO'S FACE?"

"Sensational!" cried Sennett. "And there are six other spots in the picture where I can use a switch on it as well."

When other producers began or-

dering, Hays dropped his calling-card and bill-form business to specialize as the Earl Hays Press. Later, as the infant movie industry grew out of the "Tillie Reads the News in the Paper" subtitle days, Hays was called upon to be more things than just a printer.

The studios developed scholarly research departments to appease eagle-eyed pedants who went to the movies just to spot boners. Now when a General Washington buttons up his Valley Forge uniform, Hollywood insists it must have exactly the right number of buttons.

More and more the same research went into reward handbills and Bombay telephone directories. They had to look real, and Hays was forced to become a collector, a traveler, and an authority on out-of-print print. On forages across country and abroad, via mail and through friends, he began building up the greatest conglomeration of its kind in the world.

Today, if Warners wants Delmonico's and Rector's menus from 1900—as it did for *Life with Father*—it knows Hays has originals. So does Paramount, in need of a Boston paper published in 1769, and R-K-O, looking for a bill of sale for a Negro slave.

Other original rarities in the Hays collection, indexed from Algiers to Zanzibar, are: letters dated before 1850; the London *Times* reporting the death of George Washington; old cigarette photos of such lovelies as Lotta Crabtree; all variations of telegram blanks—including the Confederate; the famous issue of *Variety* reporting the stock-market crash of '29—WALL STREET LAYS AN EGG; sweepstake and pawnshop

tickets; a wide selection of divorce papers; and tens of thousands of photo cuts.

But the saving of printed pieces was not enough for Hays: he had to be able to reproduce their assorted styles to fit movie plots, and here again he faced perplexing problems. Suppose a movie called for the headline, U.S. MARSHAL ORDERED TO BRING IN BILLY THE KID. That would require French Clarendon type, in vogue in the '80s.

Unfortunately, Los Angeles was a young print town, with none of the old types kicking around. So Hays ransacked print shops of the Old West to find the variety he needed. Now, in range alone, the Hays Press is one of the most versatile in the country.

On the other hand, front pages never have to be more than skin-deep. Except for headlines, photographs and lead paragraph, the layout may not change from picture to picture, since the audience isn't going to read it anyway.

If it did, it might find the CHORUS GIRL'S THROAT SLASHED story turning successively into a muddled report of a shipwreck, a paragraph out of *Ben Hur*, or the weather report for East Orange, New Jersey. One Hays Five-Star-Final covering the French Revolution carried a bottom-page item of a holdup in Hollywood.

Other publishers may have their targets for editorial spleen, but from the beginning Hays' chief complaint—which he can't mention in his papers—has been the prop men. "They always want something special beyond special, and they have to have it in ten minutes."

In the matter of copyright in-

fringement, Hays has to be careful. That's why the paper you read on the screen is a nonexistent New York *Blade* or a Chicago *Gazette-Crier*. Occasionally, an exception is made, as in the case of *Up in Central Park*. Because the paper itself figured in the plot, an actual New York *Times* served as a model—by permission of the copyright owners.

SOME DAY, HAYS' COLLECTION may crowd him out of his shop, for he is always adding this year's and last century's features. Every time a story about Hays appears, many items come in unsolicited. Most are of little value. At least half a dozen people a month offer him the front page of the New York *Herald* extra for April 15, 1865, covering the death of Lincoln.

Hays happens to know the story behind the inexhaustible numbers of this "original." In 1906, a patent-medicine maker flooded Midwestern porches with his advertising circular, enclosed in a reproduction of that famous front page.

With time, Hays has learned to mass produce his highly individual product for quick delivery. Certain front pages are so popular with movie people that he now keeps finished copies in readiness—ARMISTICE (November 11, 1918); HITLER INVADES POLAND; PEARL HARBOR BOMBED; and for some peculiar cinematic reason, DILLINGER KILLED.

There's another aspect of his work that makes Hays a notable publisher. Most American newspapers are published in English. But after Hays delivers his 15 copies of the Rome *Chronicle* of 1590, he is likely to do them over in French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Flemish, Rumanian and Dutch, for foreign-language versions.

Like so many workers on the celluloid production line, Hays seldom goes to movies, or knows the name of a picture he is working on. He looks at a theatrical program cover he has just printed of Dorothy Lamour in tights under the banner THE INCOMPARABLE LULU BELLE, and says, "Columbia Picture, 689."

Municipal



Mishaps

A NEWARK, NEW JERSEY, street cleaner industriously covered his regular route and then absent-mindedly kept on sweeping into the neighboring city of Elizabeth. He was two and one-half miles into the latter city before he discovered he was "lost."

THE GLENDALE, California, city fathers were proudly inspecting a new \$200,000 paving job on busy Brand Boulevard when they discovered that 12 manholes, only access to underground utility conduits, had been paved away.

—T. JAMES MACK

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His Majesty of Genius

by DAVID GRAYSON

WHAT A CONVENIENT and delightful world is the world of books—if you bring to it not the obligation of the student, or look upon it as an opiate for idleness, but enter it rather with all the enthusiasm of the adventurer!

Here is a world that has vast advantages over the ordinary world of daylight, of business and trade, of work and worry. In this world every man is his own king—the sort of king one loves to imagine, not concerned in such petty matters as wars

and taxes, but a moderate and mellow despot who is a true patron of genius—a mild old chap who has in his court the greatest men and women in the world—and all of them vying to please the most vagrant of his moods.

Invite any one of them to talk, and if Your Highness is not pleased with him, you have only to put him back in his corner—and bring some jester to sharpen your laughter, or some poet to set your faintest emotion to music!

From Adventures in Contentment



ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS GORSLINE



Miami Solves the Dental Problem

by PHILIP WYLIE

Its free clinic supplies a striking rebuttal to the theory of socialized medicine

IN A TALL BUILDING that overlooks the palm-shaded streets of one of America's semitropical cities, some 80 dentists are running what they call "a little show" that has the entire dental world for its audience. The city is Miami, Florida, and the "show" is the Dade County Dental Research Clinic, a charity service with several unique aspects, including one that strikes a hard counter to the theory of socialized medicine.

The Clinic serves only the indigent and serves them free of charge, but it was not set up by a city or

county or state, and was not subsidized by private philanthropy. Dentists of the Miami area—60 of them, originally—put up \$200 each to organize a free clinic in a region where the need was desperate. Once the county school board had supplied housing space, they used their money for equipment—the most modern chairs, drills and X-ray machines, laboratory apparatus, medicines and drugs.

But dentists require trained assistants—of which there is a universal scarcity. Again the school

board came to their assistance and hired Miss Lillian Gwynne, graduate of the University of Pennsylvania School of Oral Hygiene, to train students from the local area.

The location given to the new clinic was the Dade County Technical High School, an institution for vocational students. The Clinic became a classroom and the real thing, besides. Some 15 girls immediately enrolled. In addition to the regular high-school curriculum, their courses included subjects needed by dentists' assistants.

The Clinic was started in mid-year of 1946, and the first class will be graduated next June. Most of the girls in it have already been offered jobs—at good salaries. But not one girl has quit, half-trained, to go to work.

With the "plant" set up and the girls in training, the dentists went to work, each man contributing a full day a month to the Clinic. The dentists live in all sections of a vast county, but their day starts promptly at 9 A.M.

DENTISTRY, LIKE general medicine, is divided into specialties. Work in the Dade County Clinic is therefore divided into days on which the patients who need each kind of care are given appointments. The dentists work in teams, or groups, and there are eight such. Each dentist, however, works in rotation with each of the groups in the seven other specialties, besides his original elective. And, here again, the Clinic has made an unusual contribution to the profession.

Medical doctors have a long tradition of keeping abreast of progress in their science. Their univer-

sities give seminars, and medical societies arrange thousands of lecture courses and study opportunities. Many dentists, however, complain that such opportunities are not nearly so extensive in their field. As a result, they find it difficult not to grow "obsolete" in their profession.

To counter this trend, the Dade County Clinic offers widespread opportunities for study and clinical research. What this means to the average practitioner was summed up by one of them in this forthright statement: "I've learned more about my profession here than I've learned in the ten years I've been out of school."

Thus the Clinic is retraining and supertraining practicing experts. But above this, the Clinic is also furnishing free of charge the best dental work obtainable, to people who cannot afford dentistry and must rely upon charity agencies for help. Here is the contribution which is highly significant in a world that tends more and more toward socialization.

The Clinic cannot, at present, satisfy all the charity needs of Dade County, but it does form a nucleus from which an adequate organization may develop. It serves all age groups, with special emphasis on school children and young people for whom good dentistry will mean a better life; and old people whose declining years are made all but intolerable by absence of teeth, or by bad teeth, or by oral diseases.

On their appointed days these people gather in the waiting room and cheerfully take their turns, knowing that they will receive not routine care but minute attention,

plus immense enthusiasm, kindness and courtesy.

What the patients say about their experiences is the final testimonial to the Miami experiment. Here, for instance, is a girl of 17 who had dancing eyes and curly hair—but teeth so misshapen that her face was disfigured.

The Clinic fixed all that. Now she is finishing high school—one of the belles of the senior class—and when she is asked for an opinion of the Clinic, her answer is a big smile—accompanied by tears. They gave her new life.

A 70-year-old Baptist minister, who ekes out existence on a small pension, says, "I've got teeth now. Better than the ones my Maker gave me—and that I lost long ago. The men in that Clinic are the finest in the world."

Dr. James Armstrong, whose idea the Clinic was, believes that he has fashioned a powerful instrument to combat socialized medicine. In explaining why he started the Clinic, he says, "I got sick of seeing people who needed but couldn't afford dental care. Sick of the often-quarrelsome way we dentists put in time at existing charity clinics. Sick of the scarcity of trained as-

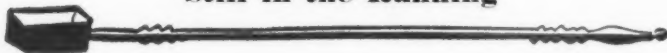
sistants. Sick of watching good men compete instead of cooperating. Sick of arguing socialized medicine and doing nothing about it.

"When we started up, a lot of dentists stayed out," he chuckles reminiscently. "Some were cagey. Some even tried to fight us. Afraid—I guess—that we might get too good a reputation from the job. But 60 of them did come in with \$200 apiece. Then the first patients began to arrive.

"They brought in a shoebox full of dentures and not one that fit properly. They brought in mouths with troubles I couldn't diagnose myself—or treat. Believe me, I've also been on the learning end from the day we opened!

"We're growing. The kids in Tech High are building us more lab space, more benches, more equipment. Men are coming in from all over the state to watch us work. Every month, we are able to increase the patient load. In my opinion, if every local chapter of the dental fraternity did what we've done here, the problem of adequate dental care for the folks who can't pay would be solved. Meanwhile, I think we've got the happiest row of dental chairs in America!"

Still in the Running



I am twenty-five cents.
I am not on speaking terms with the butcher.
I am too small to buy a quart of ice cream.
I am not large enough to purchase a box of candy.
I am too small to buy a ticket to a movie.
I am hardly fit for a tip, but—believe me, when I go
to church on Sunday, I am considered *some money!*

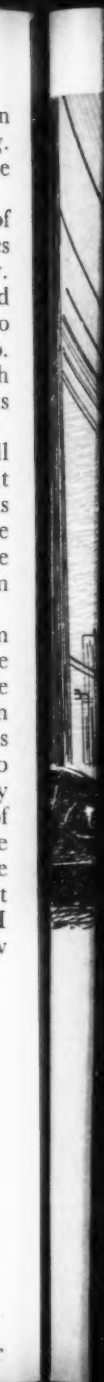
—ELAINE JARVIS

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LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS

Just how good a businessman are you? Let's get down to business and find out. Test yourself on the following questions, all of which contain business expressions. Count 10 for each correct answer. A score of 80 or above rates you in the millionaire class. Answers are on page 164.



1. If you met a bear and a bull on Wall Street, which would you classify as an optimist and which as a pessimist?
2. As a hotel manager, you have a deadhead and a dead beat on your hands. Which will give you the most trouble?
3. If you ordered a long ton of coal and received a short ton instead, how many pounds would you be short?
4. A document is marked N.B., but you think it is N.G. and decide to consult an N.P. What do N.B., N.G., and N.P. stand for?
5. Whom would you meet and where would you be if you met a lamb in a bucket shop?
6. You have an invoice on your desk, and on it, in big letters, is written "Net thirty." What does "Net thirty" mean?
7. You want merchandise shipped from Detroit to San Francisco, F.O.B. Chicago. What does F.O.B. Chicago mean?
8. You are operating a shoe store. Are there any national holidays on which you *must* close?
9. Water expands when it freezes. Would this invariably make your frozen assets larger than your liquid assets?
10. When your broker says he has to have more margin, does he want more time, more room to operate, or more money?

LIFTING THE DARKNESS OF DEATH

by MARGARET BLAIR JOHNSTONE

(Minister of The Essex Parish, Wadhams, N. Y.)

Here is a minister's common-sense formula for facing reality with serene faith

FORGET FOR A MINUTE that you are my daughter-in-law. Remember that you are a minister—my minister. Now tell me . . . am I . . . am I going to die?"

Soon after our marriage, my husband's mother had entered a hospital and undergone what seemed to be a successful operation. Two months later, however, the cancer metastasized to the brain.

"Am I going to die?" she asked. What did I tell her? What would *you* have told her?

During 14 years in the ministry, I have witnessed time and again the results of answers to that question. They range all the way from the hysteric to the heroic. For man runs the full gamut of reaction—physical, intellectual, emotional and spiritual—whenever he faces the fact of death.

Somewhere between the starkness of panic and the serenity of peace lie the reactions of most people. All of us, at one time or another, are suddenly overwhelmed with the seeming impossibility that there will come a time when we

will not think, breathe, touch or see. What is our reaction?

For most of us, it is instant flight. And the manner in which we reveal this reaction is an instinctive attitude not only toward our own death but also toward the death of another person. When someone asks us, "Am I going to die?" we say, "Of course not, whatever gave you that notion?"

With such words the most scrupulously honest individual lies to a person about to die. Moreover, the lie is condoned by all who hear it as "the kind thing to do." The teller himself is praised as considerate and thoughtful, if not downright heroic.

The newspapers recently carried an account of such "heroism." A well-known actress had died, and her physician said she never knew she had cancer. Her condition, however, had been known to her family for nine months. Her husband, the doctor said, had done "a wonderful job in keeping it from her."

Now let us agree that the hus-

band had "done a wonderful job." But with all respect to his integrity of intent, the basic question persists: what did he actually accomplish? In fact, by running away from reality, did he not deny his wife something?

Some time ago I was called to a hospital by a man who was, unconsciously, so cheating himself and his wife. Knowing that Fred was technically hospitalized for observation, I was surprised at the urgency of the call.

"He demanded the report himself," his doctor told me. "He insisted that his wife be spared."

I found Fred in an advanced stage of emotional collapse. "How was I to know?" he cried. "Of course I've been miserable. Lately, the pain has been hard to hide. But now, I have only six months to go! How . . . how can I hide it if the pain gets much worse?"

"Fred," I said, "how long have you been married?"

"Twenty-six years."

"And how long have you been ill, Fred?"

"For a year. The last two months have been pretty bad."

"And you think Helen doesn't know?" I continued.

"No, I don't think she does."

"Well, then," I insisted, "don't you think it's about time for you to help her face what's ahead?"

"Help her?" he exploded. "What do you mean?"

And so it was that Fred and Helen began the six most beautiful months of their married life.

"You know," Helen confided to me soon after the first shock of knowledge, "Fred has never worn his heart on his sleeve. Now, all of

a sudden, he has found the words. Why, in the past week he has told me more often that he loves me than he did in all our 26 years together!"

"This way *is* better," Fred admitted. "There were a great many things I had been planning to do that are now getting done."

It was a year later, however, that Helen revealed that she and Fred had discovered the secret which awaits all those who refuse to let death cheat them. "There were moments when it seemed we just could not take it," she confessed. "But through it all there was one great consolation. Fred and I had the blessed privilege of choosing our own last words and memories."

AS A CHRISTIAN MINISTER, I have often wondered how to emphasize the drastic difference between courageously facing death and hysterically fleeing from it. Moreover, I have longed to develop some formula whereby the second possible reaction, that of fear, might be as frankly met.

One ingredient in that formula must be the knowledge that *some* fear of death is instinctive. The man who has no such fear is not a hero, but a menace. The world's suicide and accident rate is already high enough.

A second ingredient is perspective. How many of the dreads which haunt you can be traced to someone else's notion? Consider some of the phrases we associate with death: the Grim Reaper, the ancient terror, eternal darkness, silent as the grave.

The full extent of our lack of perspective is often revealed to me

It Is Time to Go Home

I OFTEN FEEL that death is not the enemy of life, but its friend, for it is the knowledge that our years are limited which makes them so precious.

We are like children privileged to spend a day in a great park, a park filled with many gardens and playgrounds and azure-tinted lakes with white boats sailing upon the tranquil waves.

True, the day allotted to each one of us is not the same in length, in light, in beauty. But whether our life is a long summery day or a shorter wintry afternoon, we

know that there is enough beauty and joy and gaiety in the hours if we will but treasure them. Then for each one of us the moment comes when the great nurse, Death, takes man, the child, by the hand and quietly says:

"It is time to go home. Night is coming. It is your bedtime, child of earth. Come; you're tired. Lie down at last in the quiet nursery of nature, and sleep. Sleep well. The day is gone. Stars shine in the canopy of eternity."

—From *Peace of Mind*, by the late
DR. JOSHUA LOTH LIEBMAN.

when it becomes necessary to choose funeral scripture.

"Use any passage you wish," a heartbroken father cried the other day, "but please don't use the Twenty-third Psalm."

"Why not?" I deliberately asked.

"Because I can't stand it."

"Is it the phrase, 'Yea, though I walk . . .'"

"Yes," he interrupted. "Don't go on . . . please."

"But are you sure that you have ever read it correctly?" I persisted. "Most of us get the emphasis wrong. It reads: 'Yea, though I walk *through* . . .' Victor Hugo once put it thus: 'The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, but it opens on the dawn!'"

The third ingredient in the formula is intellectual honesty. Those who fear death most are the men and women who are too "intelligent" to believe in Hell, yet dare not, because of this same "intelligence," believe in Heaven.

Are you afraid of death? If so, why? No matter how nonreligious you may think yourself to be, dig deep. When in your life did you first say, "I don't believe in immortality?"

It is my contention that it was in that moment that your fear of death really began.

The final ingredient in the formula is common-sense precaution. One of the most serene spirits I know lives inside a little old Englishman. Ninety years old, he is eternally young in optimism.

"Of course the world is coming to an end some day," he flatly states, "but I wager it won't be from any fireball, atomic or otherwise. This world ends every day for a great number of people. One day it is going to end for you. Another day it will end for me."

"It is a personal affair, this world-ending business. But if you keep the ledger straight and your books balanced, why worry . . . even if

the auditor should be St. Peter?"

To live each day so it *could* be your last—this is the formula whereby out of knowledge, perspective, intellectual honesty and common-sense precaution we create the fortitude to overcome fear.

WHAT, THOUGH, OF THOSE situations when there is no time to work out a careful formula? As sudden as a siren in the night, the urgent need to fence with death comes. There is no chance for flight. There is time for only one thing: a miracle. I remember one day when I met a despairing husband in a hospital corridor. "There's no use going in there," he said, nodding to his wife's room. "Jennie is in a coma. There is nothing anyone can do."

"Perhaps not," I said, "but anyhow, I am going in, and would like you to come with me."

She lay motionless on the bed. Taking Jim's hand, I placed it on Jennie's. "Years ago," I said, "you too promised that for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, you would love and cherish each other. That promise has brought you through many a trial. It can bring you through this one, too. Let us pray to God that it will!"

Weeks later, a radiant Jennie stopped in to see me. "I couldn't move in that hospital bed," she said. "There was no way I could let you and Jim know. But when I heard those blessed words, I made up my mind that *this* time, too, it would be for better, not worse. I vowed that I would fight with all I had to make your prayer come true. And I won!"

A miracle? Of course. But like

all miracles, it was based on faith.

The amazing paradox of our day is this: man's spiritual growth is more often evidenced in the test tube than in the chapel; the challenge to the soul rings far more clearly from the laboratory than from the pulpit. Physical and intellectual miracles we take for granted; spiritual miracles still rouse our skepticism. How can we, living in a "miracle age" of telephone and wireless, of radar and television, deny life's fundamental fact—that with eternity itself in the balance, a man's only weapon is faith?

"But what about the intellectual facts?" you ask. "What about my sudden terror when I think of death? What about this cringing, it-can-never-happen-to-me feeling which I simply can't control?"

How much of your difficulty in facing the intellectual fact of death is caused by a problem in spiritual semantics? "It" can never happen to me. What do you mean by *it*? How, exactly, does your intellect define death? By "it," do you mean annihilation, blotting out, an eternal nothingness? If so, have you ever stopped to consider that your very doubt, your subconscious certainty that "it can never happen to me," is the intellectual foundation of your potential faith?

And so we come to the final analysis. The difference between peace and panic, between intellectual terror and triumph, is the difference between the spiritual senselessness of futility and the common-sense-ness of faith.

"Am I going to die?" my mother-in-law asked me outright. What did I tell her?

There was a choice. I could have

lied: "Of course not; what ever gave you that notion?" Or I could have hedged by talking glibly about getting well and making plans for next month or next year.

Or should I have led her into another experience . . . the kind of experience one devoted young husband asked me to help him carry out in actuality?

Just before he died, he handed me 12 envelopes, each one addressed to his wife. "Give them to her," he stipulated, "one on the first of each month for a year after I'm gone."

It was not until I delivered the twelfth envelope that I truly comprehended the triumphant selflessness of that man's love. Wordlessly, the young wife turned over one page of that letter to me.

"You will have grieved long enough, my darling," it read. "Now it is time to put aside grief. You are not meant to live alone. If you have not already found someone, from now on open your heart. Only through loving and being loved are you complete. If you love me, trust that I shall always rejoice in your every earthly joy. Only your last-

ing grief could now make me sad."

Yes, I had a choice of what to tell my mother-in-law. I told her the truth. Why? Mainly because I could not consciously deny any mortal that which should be his heritage—the heritage of every soul about to face death.

That heritage was never more graphically expressed than in the inter-faith funeral service for the great philosopher and humanitarian, Henry George. A minister attending the service reported that he was shocked when, in the midst of a glowing tribute, someone began to applaud.

His shock changed to anger as again the applause sounded. Then, as his reaction grew into righteous indignation, the applause burst forth in a deafening roar.

"Suddenly," that minister admitted, "I was swept to my feet as I felt the thrill of Christian sentiment which this applause un conventionally approved. The gratifying thought came to me: this is not sacrilege, it is sacred. Today I attend not a funeral, I acclaim a resurrection!"

Zoological Whistlestops

Black Eagle, Mont.
Rattlesnake, Fla.
Wolf, Calif.
Antelope, Calif.
Fly, Ohio
Wild Horse, Colo.

Porcupine, S. Dak.
Tiger, Ga.
Beaver, Okla.
Badger, Minn.
Bumble Bee, Ariz.
Squirrel, Idaho

—PAUL STEINER

GRIN AND SHARE IT

"BOTHERED WITH time-wasting callers, are you? Why don't you try my plan?"

"What is your plan, Mrs. Jones?"

"Why, when the bell rings I put on my hat and gloves before I open the door. If it proves to be someone I don't want to see, I simply say, 'So sorry—I'm just going out.'"

"But suppose it's someone you want to see?"

"Oh, then I say, 'So fortunate—I've just come in.'"

—LEEWIN B. WILLIAMS

THE JUDGE READ the list of charges, looked sternly at the woebegone creature facing him, and asked: "Can it be possible that this document is correct—and that you robbed the same house *twice* in less than a week?"

The burglar nodded sadly. "Yes, sir. Ain't this housing shortage terrible?"

—MARY ALKUS

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW and a party of friends attended the theater one evening as guests of the woman author of the play.

"Remember," she told him jest-

ingly, "you're not to leave in the middle of my play."

Shortly after the curtain went up, Shaw, seated directly behind the authoress, leaned forward to get a better view of the stage. After a few minutes, the authoress felt a tickling sensation on her neck. She reached back and felt a few loose strands of hair. Taking some hairpins from her purse, she quickly fastened the hair into place.

When the curtain came down, Shaw leaned back in his seat. As he did so, he let out a yelp of pain.

"Is something wrong?" asked the authoress, turning around quickly.

"Madam," he groaned, "if you will please take my beard out of your hair, I will promise not to leave until the play is over!"

—FRANCES BENSON

THE HUSBAND IS strictly an outdoor boy; the wife very much a house-mouse. But on a recent snowy day, he persuaded her to bundle up and take a walk in the woods.

After an hour of trudging through heavy snow, the weary wife paused to catch her breath.

"I'm just plain out of my element," she sighed. "Now I know exactly how you feel when I make you go to a formal tea."

—ELEANOR CLARAGE

AFTER SENDING a parcel to European relatives, a farm family received a very grateful letter which included this paragraph:

"If you can, please send me more of those little pills. We didn't know what they were until Cousin Lempi came—she had studied English, you know—and read the name for us. Then we gave them all to Uncle

Paul, who suffers from rheumatism. He feels much better now, and says it is the best medicine he ever took. If you don't remember the name of the pills, they're called Life Savers."

—Copper's Weekly

HENRY WARD BEECHER, on a speaking tour, stayed at a small country hotel. An early riser, he went down to the dining room in the morning and found only one occupant, who rose from his seat as the portly Beecher entered.

"Sit down—sit down, son," said Beecher kindly.

"But—" protested the young man, "but I only want to get a salt shaker from the next table."

—FRANCES RODMAN

A PINK ELEPHANT, a green rat and a yellow snake walked into a cocktail bar.

"You're a little early, boys," said the bartender. "He's not here yet."

—The Gas Flame—Indianapolis

THE MAN OF THE HOUSE was going over the bills on the tenth of the month. All were formal statements, except the one from his family physician.

"Tomorrow," the doctor had scrawled at the bottom of his, "this bill is a year old."

So the man of the house returned the statement to the physician with his own notation beneath, "Happy Birthday!"

—Pipe Dreams

A PROMINENT ATTORNEY met one of his clients in front of his office building. She was an elderly lady, handsomely gowned, and had with her a tiny French poodle.

As the two talked over a business

matter, the poodle became attracted to the attorney's shoes. Suddenly, the attorney stepped aside. The woman looked at him, smiled and said: "Oh, don't be alarmed, he won't bite."

"I'm not afraid of his biting me," the attorney replied, "but I saw him raise his leg and I was afraid he was going to kick me." —Clay Pipe News

"MAY I HAVE the last dance with you?" a heavy-footed young man asked the lady of his choice.

"You've just had it," the girl replied coolly.

—PAULINE RENITE

THERE IS A STORY about Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery to the effect that as Commander in Chief he noticed, among a list of films available for showing to troops, one entitled THE RED ARMY.

He sent for it, ordered all officers under his command to be present, and before the picture was shown gave a carefully prepared speech on the importance of the Russian war machine.

Then the lights went out, and on the screen flashed the title:

THE RED ARMY

THE STORY OF THE LIFE OF ANTS

—E. A. CHAFFER

Have you heard a funny story lately? Why not pass it on? Coronet invites readers to contribute their favorite anecdotes for "Grin and Share It." Payment for accepted stories will be made upon publication. Address material to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Sorry, but no "Grin and Share It" contributions can be acknowledged, and none can be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.

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mr. smith goes to venus

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHESLEY BONESTELL

TODAY, THE WORLD stands on the threshold of the Atomic Age. Many people fear that the dazzling new power may bring the most destructive wars in history. In this mid-century year of 1950, weapons are still far in advance of other developments within the infinitely complex world of the atom.

However, for the many who believe that atomic power can be the key to man's most magnificent achievements, this story will have special meaning as a glimpse into the future—a glimpse into an age when the atom may mean universal peace—and a vacation to Venus for the neighbors next door.



The Smiths were relaxing with friends on the space terrace of their home one autumn evening in 2500. Mr. Smith had been working hard, and his family had been urging him to take a vacation. The two children were wildly enthusiastic about Venus. Mrs. Smith, too, had been gazing longingly at the lovely planet through the home observatory

kit she had received for her birthday. Finally, Mr. Smith agreed to the idea of an interplanetary trip.

With stratosphere rockets circling the globe in a matter of minutes, he admitted that the mysteries of earth travel were exhausted. And from everything he heard, Venus was a tropical paradise—the perfect planet for an autumn vacation.



Next day, Mr. Smith dropped in at the New York Interplanetary Bureau for expert advice on Venus. A courteous attendant explained that, while the earth and Venus were almost "sisters" in size, Venus revolved around the sun much faster than the earth, making the Venusian year only 225 days. Conversely, Venus rotated very slowly

on her axis, with the result that a Venusian day corresponded to almost a full month of sunlight on earth. Mr. Smith could select one of several excellent Space Lines operating to Venus. Their safety record impressed him—18 years without a major accident. Mrs. Smith would be pleased about that—with the children going along.

facts

about Venus



The clerk gave Mr. Smith some travel folders, which he read on the aero-commuter's train. The first explorers of Venus had been astounded to discover that astronomers and scientists had been wrong in their prediction that no life could exist on Venus, because of the apparent lack of oxygen in the atmosphere. Actually, under the

thick layer of formaldehyde particles that enveloped the planet, an atmosphere very similar to the earth's had been found. Although Venus had little rainfall, tropical vegetation and weird animal life flourished in a climate no hotter than the deserts of earth at mid-day, and generally comparable to Florida or Southern California.



*Big game hunting
on Venus*

non stop **Venus**

fishing



Cities and towns had sprung up on Venus, since industrialists had been quick to develop the rich resources of the planet. Wonder plastics were cheaply produced from the endless chains of formaldehyde particles in the Venusian clouds, and strange new metals and gems had been discovered. Although the planet had been acces-

sible to earth dwellers for only 50 years, many people now made Venus their home. Vacation and resort spots were plentiful, their luxury rivaling anything on earth. Mr. Smith chose one of these and space-cabled for reservations. It was called Phosphorus Valley, and was said to have a superior golf course and silver mineral springs.



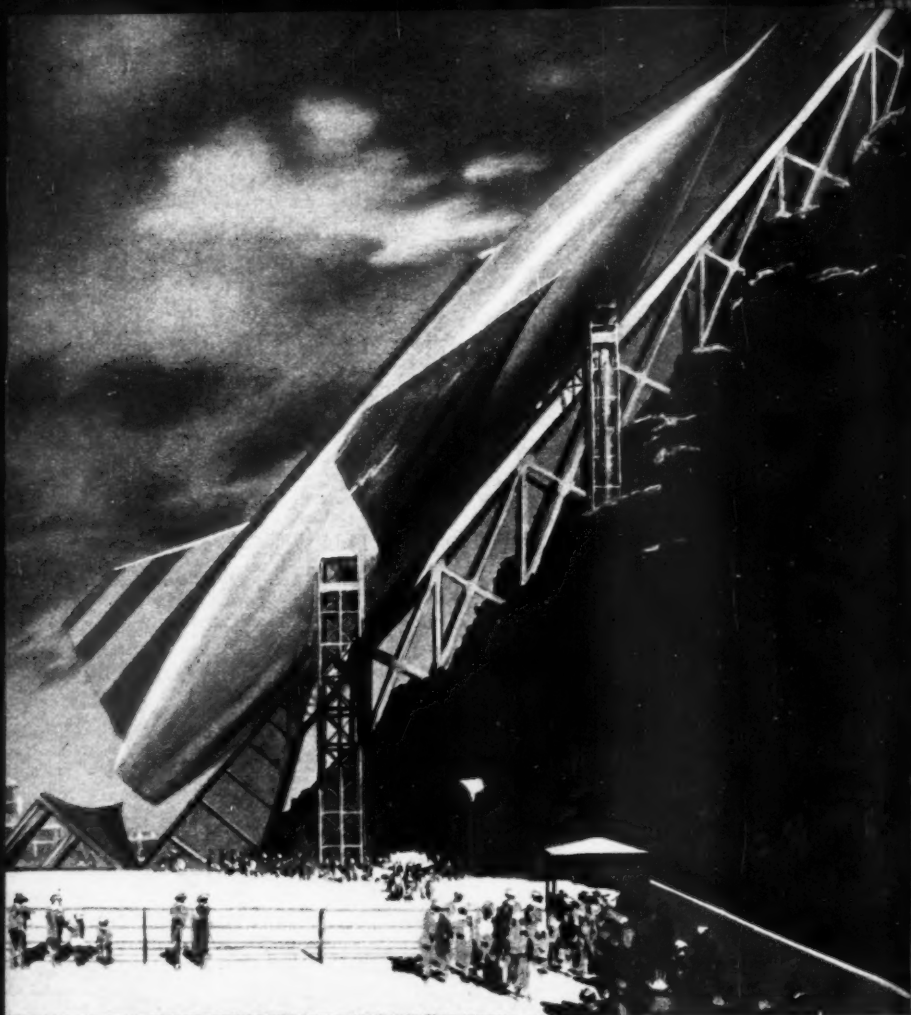
Next, the Smiths dropped in at Solar Federation, Inc., to buy space-ship tickets. The cost was surprisingly moderate, and the children, of course, would travel for half fare. When Mr. Smith inquired how long the trip would take, the clerk pointed out, on a celestial chart, that Venus was approaching her nearest point to

earth—only 26,000,000 miles away—so the Smiths were in luck. The trip would take only 84 hours. Furthermore, Phosphorus Valley would enter its full phase of sunlight while they were in transit, so they would have constant sunshine for their stay. They took space on the *Diana*—a new luxury ship advertised as the Queen of Space.



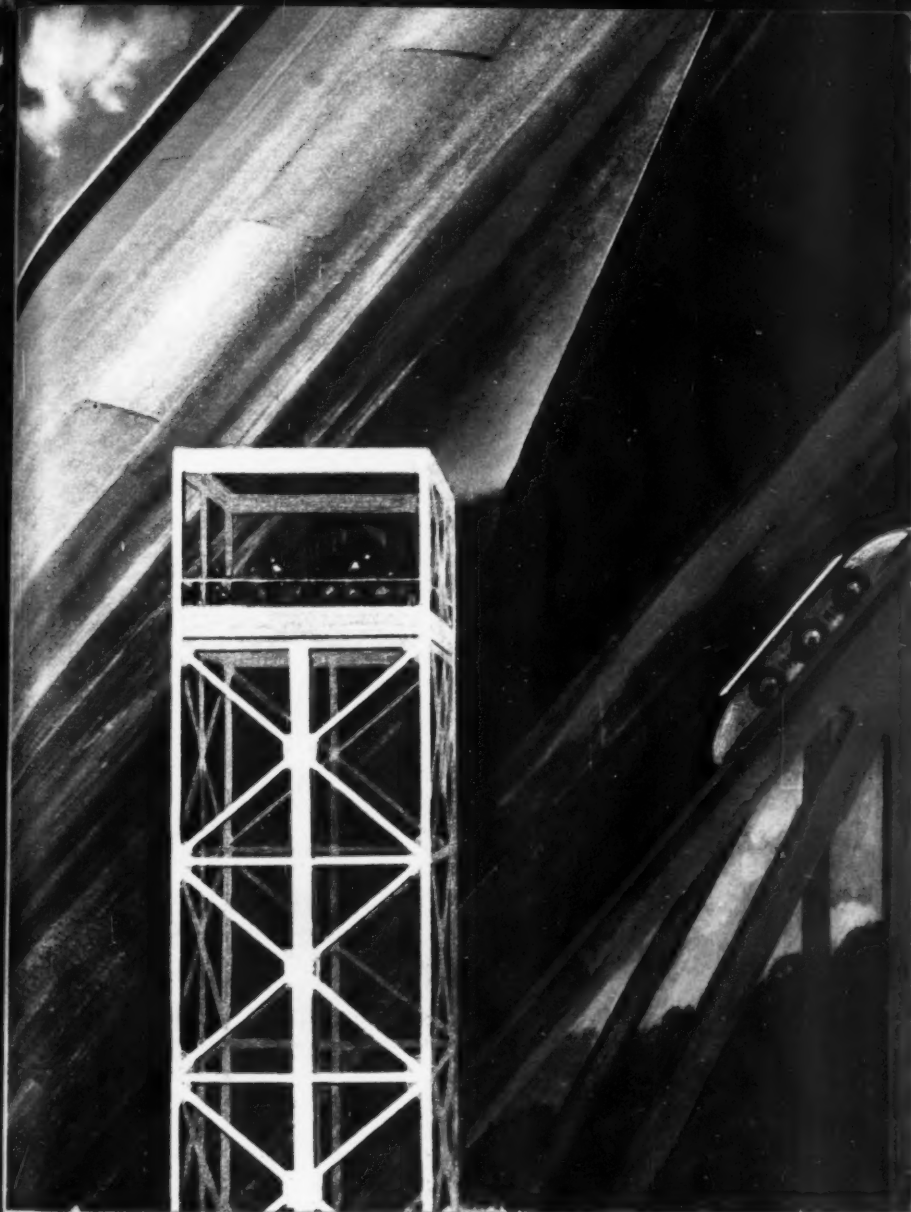
The Smiths spent their next few days vacation shopping. In smart Planetary Shops, Mrs. Smith was delighted to find sports clothes made of a material as light as gossamer, yet stronger than heavy tweed. Actually, the fabric was a development of a Venusian wonder plastic. Specially designed for Venus visitors, all clothing had built-

in air conditioning for particularly warm days. The children were a little disappointed that they would not need the bulky space suits designed for travel on oxygen-depleted Mars. Mr. Smith, meanwhile, carefully selected several special attachments for his color camera. Certainly they would want to make a movie record of their trip.



In 2500, spaceports were commonplace. All travel of consequence was now done by rockets. Still, when the Smiths arrived at the Spaceport on Long Island, the children gasped when they saw the *Diana* on her launching platform, inclined at a 45-degree angle to the sky. The *Diana* had three decks—two for cabin space, one for

recreation—and accommodated 600 passengers. Even Mr. Smith was struck by her enormous size—like a huge bullet, larger than the famed sea liners had once been. When the “All Aboard” was flashed, the family joined fellow passengers at the portable elevator, and were swiftly carried up into an atmosphere of luxury and comfort.



Their cabins were superbly appointed. In the recreation lounge, a guide pointed out the well-stocked library, television, and a

movie studio. Once in space, the observation window would be opened to the thrilling panorama of stars studded across a black sky.



During launching the Smiths seemed to be in a rapidly accelerating elevator. Soon there was a tiny jolt, as though the elevator had

stopped, and, to their amazement, the stewardess announced they were now thousands of miles in space, cruising at 300,000 miles an hour.



At the observation windows in the lounge the Smiths watched the earth fade to a pale gold-and-blue ball. The children remarked that it

looked exactly like the globe in the library back home, except for the fluffy buntings of clouds that obscured oceans and continents.



Suddenly, the space ship veered in a graceful arc, and there was the moon, so close it took their breath away. Using powerful bin-

oculars, Mr. Smith was sure he could see one of the plastic-domed atomic factories that studded the bleak plains of the lifeless satellite.



The children laughed at the way everyone's hair stood on end. The stewardess explained that this was caused by the gravitational pull of the moon. And the sky beyond was black, she added, because in space there was no atmosphere to diffuse and color the rays of the sun.



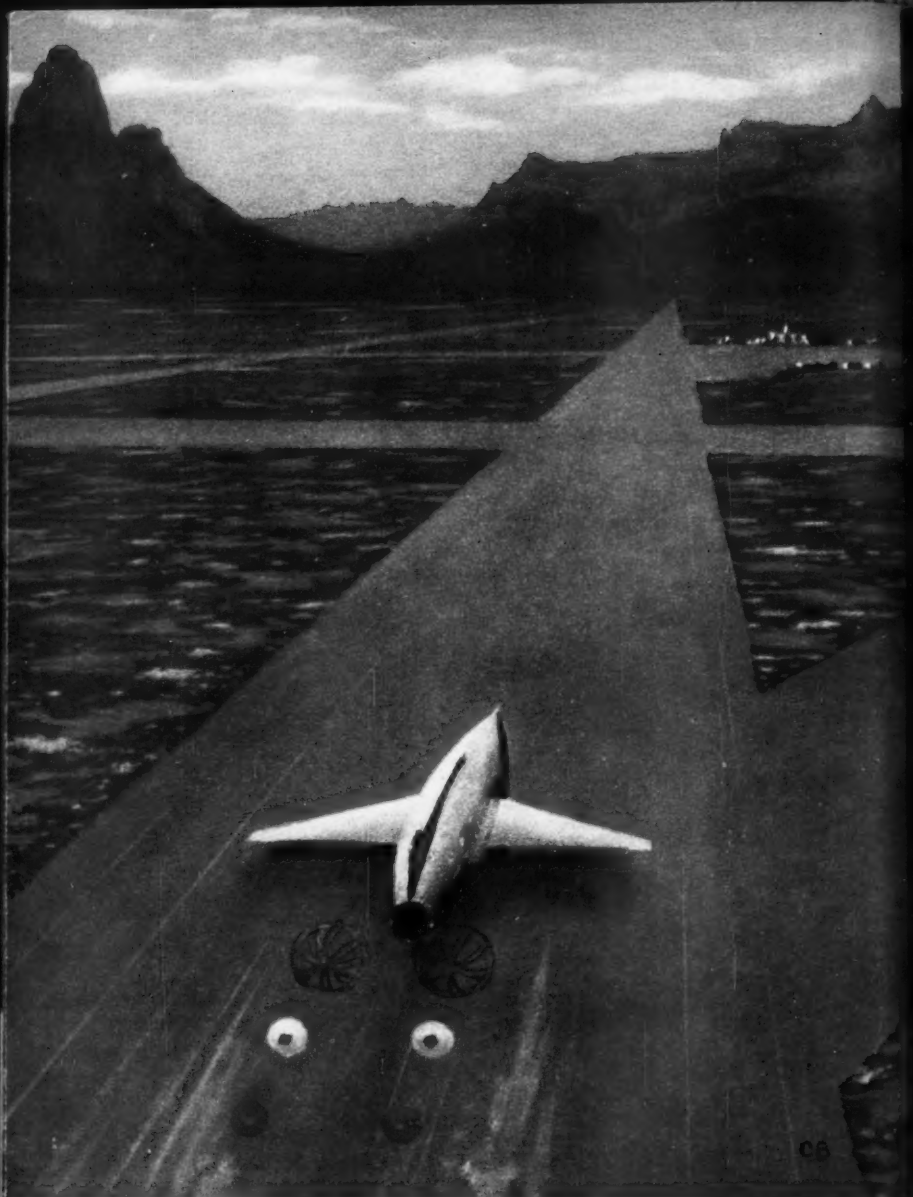
The Smiths quickly felt at home on the *Diana*. Hours before they were scheduled to land, the children kept watch for the first

glimpse of Venus. Finally, it loomed enormously, like a fluffy golden ball surrounded by a glowing corona of translucent light.



The space ship circled the new world and then plunged into thick clouds of formaldehyde. The Smiths were asked to return to their seats

and fasten their safety belts in preparation for the landing. The ship slowed down so gradually that they could hardly feel any sensation.



The *Diana* made a graceful landing at the principal Spaceport of Venus. The Smiths disembarked, and noticed immediately that, be-

cause of the slightly lessened pull of gravity, they felt very light. A few minutes later they took off again on a smaller, local rocket.



Descending from the clouds, the rocket rounded one of Venus' famous "smokestack" mountains and planed gently into Phosphorus Valley. As they circled to land, the Smiths could see their hotel, and the beautiful golf course that was the envy of resorts on two worlds.

When they alighted, their luggage was swiftly carried up to the

solar suite they had reserved.

The bellhop demonstrated how the Polaroid glass roof could, at the touch of a switch, admit the full rays of the sun, or—when they wished to sleep—be made totally dark. During the valley's "twilight" phase, huge "solar" lights bathed the hotel and the golf course in artificial sunlight.



The Smiths were amazed by the brilliant colors everywhere. Mrs. Smith loved the sky. Venus residents explained that it seemed a never-ending sunset because only the longer red and yellow light rays of the sun could penetrate the dense Venusian atmosphere.

The children were fascinated by the almost perpendicular moun-

tains of Venus. A guide explained that, unlike many of the mountains of earth, the soaring peaks had never been worn smooth by glaciers. Also, they were geologically of comparatively recent formation, and were, in many cases, volcanic.

There were many beautiful lakes and waterfalls, but no oceans to divide Venus into continents.



Mr. Smith played every day on the superb golf course. Venus lent a new spring to his step, and he never seemed to feel tired. Actually, because of the rejuvenating gravity effect on earth dwellers, many older people were retiring to Venus. There, they felt ten years younger, earning Venus its popular title—"Planet of Eternal Youth."

The children were enchanted by the luxuriant flowers that transformed the Valley into a garden paradise. On their frequent walks, they chased giant butterflies which Mr. Smith recognized as being similar to those found in South America. Multicolored orchids grew everywhere—as common as the field daisies of earth.

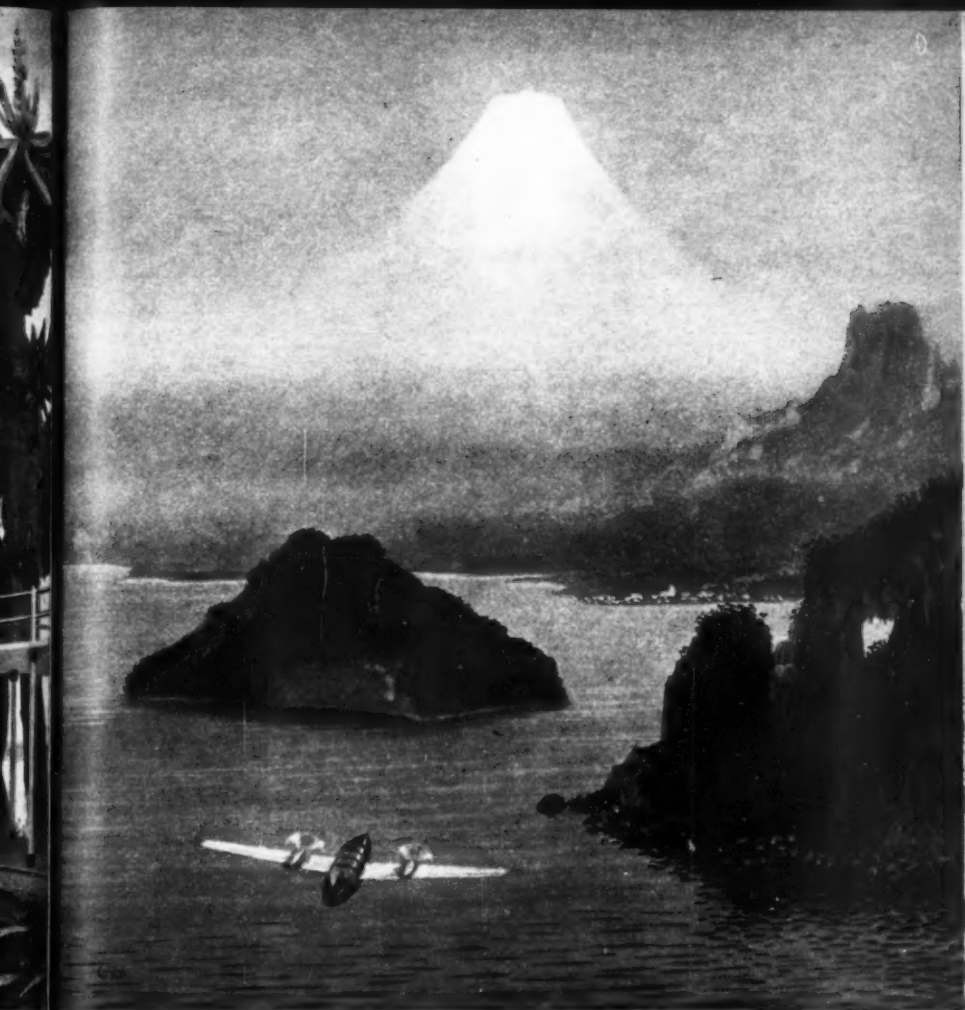


At first, the Smiths had difficulty in adjusting an earthly timetable to the perpetual sunlight. But after a few days they learned to sleep when they felt tired and eat when they felt hungry. The dining room and the beautiful Tree Fern Terrace were never closed.

The Venusian air, they found, gave them enormous appetites.

Strange new foods—especially the exotic fruits which tasted unlike anything grown on earth—were an endless source of adventure.

The children, who were just learning to swim at home, found that they could float with ease in the silver spring-fed pool, and were excited by the sun tan they acquired with amazing rapidity.



They took several of the exciting tours that left daily from the hotel. The small guide planes carried them swiftly over dense jungles and beautiful lakes that reflected the molten gold colors of the sky. Many areas of Venus were still only partially explored, and in the vast forests beyond the forbidding mountain ranges roamed wild ani-

mals that had vanished from earth millions of years ago.

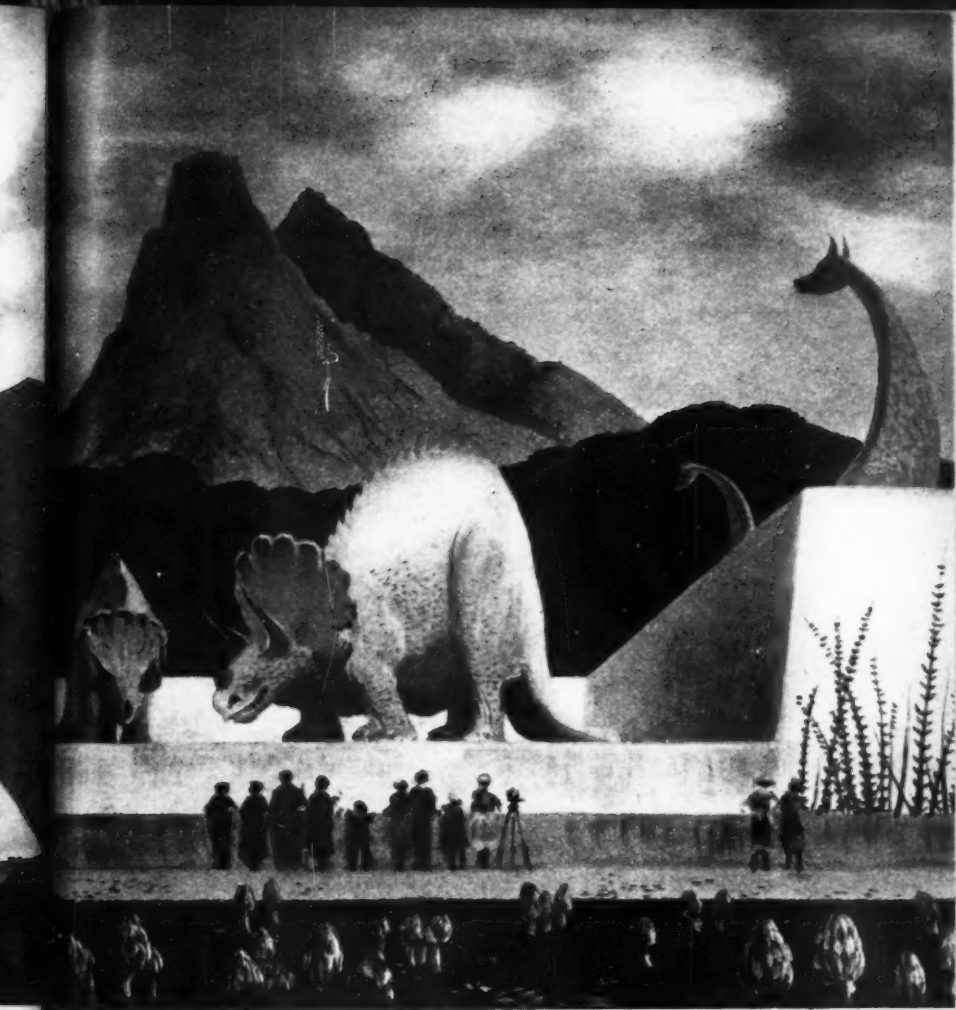
The guide explained that, because of radioactive uranium and beryllium deposits, certain areas of the planet were restricted to tourists. However, if they wished, he could arrange a tour of the gem mines and some of the larger atomic convertor and power factories.



Venopolis, the principal city of Venus, was a miracle of spatial architecture. Soaring buildings like the famous Universe Tower, headquarters of the League of Planets, could not exist on earth. It was entirely constructed of Venusian greenstone, a kind of greenish-blue marble that shone in the dark, and yet quickly deteriorated and crum-

bled when exposed to the more rigorous climate of earth.

The Smiths, of course, shopped for souvenirs in the ultramodern Venopolis shops, and sent post cards to their friends back home. For once, Mr. Smith remarked, he could honestly say "wish you were here." In fact, he had never had a better time in his life.



The Venopolis Zoo was one of the most fabulous attractions of Venus. Deep pits separated visitors from the lumbering dinosaurs and other prehistoric beasts. Still, Mrs. Smith was uncomfortable being so close to the dragonlike creatures, and breathed easily again only when they had moved on to the amazing exhibits of brilliantly

plumaged birds, and to the smaller animal enclosures. The children were disappointed that there was no Reptile House, but so far no serpents had been found on Venus.

Their last day, they took the thrilling cable-car trip to the gale-swept top of Mount Peace, which was slightly higher than Everest—the highest mountain on earth.



Their three weeks on Venus melted away. Long before they could possibly enjoy all the fabulous sights of the new world, it was time to make the long trip home. Back on the *Diana*, they watched the rapidly receding planet and noticed what had not occurred to them before. Venus had no moon.

Far in the distance they could

see the earth—a small star glowing in the sky. The home trip would take 117 hours. In space transit, the Smiths wrote a diary of their trip, and the stewardess arranged a showing of the movies they had taken. As they relived each thrilling experience, Mr. Smith said: "We will certainly have to come back again next year!"

when will man reach venus?

THE SMITHS went to Venus in 2500. However, some scientists believe that space travel may become a reality within the lifetime of many of us. But before contact with other worlds can be established, certain major problems must be solved.

First, means must be found to conquer the gravitational pull of earth. An estimated escape velocity of seven miles per second will be necessary. So far, no fuel capable of propelling and maintaining a rocket at that speed has been produced on a practical scale. However, the harnessing of atomic energy is expected to provide such fuels. Already, they may be a reality.

Second, a metal must be found for the combustion chambers of rockets that is impervious to extremely high temperatures. Many huge meteors from frigid outer space burn and vaporize in a few seconds when they pass through the atmosphere of earth—and a

similar fate would await rocket tubes of known metals. Also, the hulls of space ships must be impervious to the bombardment of tiny space meteors. So swiftly do these missiles travel that one no larger than a human fist could cut through a three-foot shield of the strongest steel man has yet devised.

Some scientists believe that most space ships, like the *Diana*, will be constructed on a thermos-bottle principle, with an insulating vacuum between two shells. Once in space, such ships will probably follow courses predetermined on astronomical charts. Rocketlike discharges from the sides of the ship will turn it in space.

As man advances into the Atomic Age, new problems will constantly arise. It may be centuries before the Smiths will actually vacation on Venus. Yet, with each day bringing new miracles, space travel may be closer to reality than any of us dreams.





They Fight to Go to Sunday School

by MIRIAM ZELLER GROSS

Throughout the U. S., classes stressing everyday problems are filled to capacity

WHEN THE GREGORY MASONS moved to Seattle, young Greg decided to attend Sunday school at near-by University Congregational Church. But an instructor told the boy regretfully but firmly that he couldn't be admitted. The class was filled to capacity.

"I'll see about this," growled Gregory, Sr.

The school director quietly pulled out the files and showed him not only that the classes were full, but that there was a long waiting list.

Sunday schools with waiting lists are limited neither to Seattle nor to the Congregational denomination.

There are schools with waiting lists in churches representing practically every denomination and in many important cities.

All the Sunday schools are part of the Union College Character Research Project, conducted by a special research staff at Union College, Schenectady, New York. The Project—brain child of the department head, Dr. Ernest Mayfield Ligon—is a new method of building character through a combination of modern psychology and basic religious principles.

Foundation for the procedure was laid by testing boys and girls—

in every developmental stage from nursery through high-school years—to discover what factors shape character and how to develop personality and native talents as children mature.

Here is the Pringle family, all washed and polished and on their way to Sunday school. Dad and Mommy Pringle, four-year-old Ruth, Sally who is seven and Bob who is twelve. Today's lesson is on social adjustment. Each member of the family gets the lesson, rewritten in accordance with his ability to understand.

Tiny Ruth learns about social adjustment in terms of the policeman, postman, milkman, bus drivers and others who look out for her comfort and convenience. Through the week, Ruth and her mother will take rides, visit stores, talk with the people who serve them.

Sally's teacher has adroitly built the lesson around the most unpopular girl in class. But, mind you, not so as to draw attention to that girl. Selfish, spoiled Marie in the teacher's illustrations lives in another town and looks nothing at all like Shirley, the girl in the class with such unpleasant traits. The youngsters will learn that friendships don't just happen. They are earned. And that friendship is an accomplishment anyone can earn.

Sally must then figure out what her associates do or don't do that she likes or doesn't like. Then she will know about her own traits that may annoy others. And her homework will be to practice behavior which will make people like her.

Bob is old enough to tackle race prejudice and intolerance. His special assignments will center around

getting acquainted with boys in his neighborhood or at school whom he might ordinarily avoid.

Similar practical assignments, covering other phases of day-to-day living, will come to Bob and his sisters week after week. The assignments are prepared in the psychology laboratories at Union College. Material for each week, together with careful instructions, then goes from Union to the local church, Y.M.C.A. or private school which in turn distributes the lesson plans to the various instructors.

Every Sunday morning the adult Pringles, along with other parents, attend discussion groups to talk over their family life for the coming week. During the week, the parents write reports to go back to the laboratories. There, thousands of such reports act as a guide in the writing of further lessons.

Reports from the Pringles include answers to such questions as: Did Sally listen willingly? Did she understand the purpose of the lesson? In what relevant situations did Sally apply what she learned?

Age trends play an important part in lessons. For example, children from eight to ten are in the period of development when they usually find out they can do some things better than their associates. They also become conscious of handicaps. Many psychologists believe that later failures in life may stem from maladjustments beginning in this period. Thus, the Project helps to guide these youngsters over the hurdles.

What is known as the Can-Do Convention is an important annual event for children in this age group. Recently, I watched 40 boys and

girls showing mastery of something each had previously thought he or she couldn't do.

Shy Leonard, musically gifted but a boy who hated to practice and was certain he could never perform in public, faced the audience, announced his number and played it well. An orphan who used to feel friendless and resentful ushered guests to their seats with a smile, then acted as master of ceremonies.

High spot for the boys came when they passed out copies of their "Can-Do Chronicle," a newspaper they wrote, edited and published. In it was an article by each boy telling what his career is to be and how he is preparing for it. The young authors read their articles and displayed scrapbooks picturing selected professions.

Individual disadvantages were mentioned in a matter-of-fact manner. "I planned to be a plane pilot," said Fred, "but my eyesight isn't turning out too well. So I've decided to be an eye doctor." His buddy, who wants to be a pharmacist and fill Fred's prescriptions, proudly showed a model drugstore.

Generally speaking, the Union College approach to teen-agers runs about like this: "Here are tough problems to be solved. The older people haven't done too well with them. Let's see what you can do." Constant challenge is offered, and no effort is made to play down the enormity of any problem.

IF THE CHURCHES listened to what youngsters said, and offered them something more exciting than passing out hymnals every third Sunday, there would be less occasion to worry about declining Sunday-

school attendance, Dr. Ligon believes. He feels that frustrations caused by inability to express innate talents are responsible for much juvenile delinquency.

One psychologist compiled a list of almost 5,000 character traits. Psychologists assigned to the Project say that one of their hardest jobs has been to eliminate all the nonessentials. However, the weeding out during the years of Project activity has brought the original list of 5,000 down to approximately 300, which are organized under eight general objectives—love of truth, a vision for the future, faith in the friendliness of the universe, sensitiveness to the needs of others, forgiveness, magnanimity, courage, and a dominant purpose in the service of mankind.

Dr. Kenneth Welles, minister of the Westminster Presbyterian Church at Albany, heard Dr. Ligon speak soon after he arrived at Union. The minister saw possibilities in the young psychologist's notions about training children and gave him an opportunity to test them. Since then, Dr. Welles has watched his church become one of a group of more than 40 employing Ligon's methods.

Financial backing has come from a research-minded industrialist who asks that his name be withheld. Support was prefaced by investigations lasting nearly five years, during which the industrialist studied every plan that promised better guidance for youngsters. Thus far, he has put nearly \$500,000 into the Project.

Dr. Ligon insists that the Project will result in increasingly significant findings. He objects to any

mention of final results, maintaining that better answers will always be forthcoming. Ultimate results, he says, can be evaluated only when the lifelong achievements of thousands of Project-trained men and women are compared with those of a similar number who develop haphazardly.

Meanwhile, however, significant experiences continue to occur—such as the impact of training on a boy like Billy. Nine-year-old Billy was learning about the friendliness of the universe—a pretty big subject for a youngster—when he was struck down by an incurable disease. His intelligent parents made no attempt to withhold the truth.

The boy's one desire became to do something for the friendly universe of which he was a part. Avidly he studied what was known of his disease, and kept meticulous records of his own case.

Billy's nurse tells of hurrying to his bedside one night. He was obviously in great pain, but he hadn't called for relief. He wanted to report something—something that was later found important as a diagnostic symptom.

When Billy died at 11, he had given to medical science as much knowledge as many men who have spent years in medical research laboratories.

After watching the Project in action, I felt much like a mother who had come all the way from western Canada to find out how the plan operates. "Pick up a newspaper any day," she said, "and you find tales of juvenile crime. Then you come up against something like this—that really offers guidance for your children. I don't know how you feel about it. But I'll take a chance with something that turns out lads like Billy."



Boast Buster

AL SCHACHT, the Clown Prince of Baseball, was telling the story of a minor-league club owner who was a nice guy, but a braggart. His routine never changed.

"I'm a self-made man," he'd boast. "I was a top-flight big-league ballplayer in my day, too. That was before I became a successful manager. Now I'm a highly important club owner in the minors." Then, he'd pause for effect and add, "Furthermore, I've got a quarter of a million bucks in the bank."

One day, having run out of unsuspecting victims, he finally cornered the fabulously wealthy Colonel Ruppert, owner of the New York Yankees at that time. The minor-league magnate staggered laboriously through his recital, winding up with the inevitable climactic boast, "What's more, I've got a quarter of a million dollars in the bank right now."

The Colonel was unimpressed. "All right, my good man," Ruppert sighed wearily, "I'll match you for it."

—ARTHUR DALEY (THE NEW YORK TIMES)

Siesta by the

by ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

WHETHER AT HOME or far from it, we can, if we are alert, observe the joy of nature, and by so doing share the happiness of the world. A few years ago it was my privilege to go out to Bird Bank, a sand bar some distance off the mouth of the Santee River, which pours into the ocean some 50 miles northeast of Charleston.

On reaching Bird Bank with a friend after a hard row, we pulled our boat high up on the sands and covered it with palmetto fronds that we had brought as camouflage. We reached there just before the morning flight of ducks came down the river. For years I had watched them go to sea; but I never before had been there to receive them. Hidden under the greenery that shielded

the boat, we watched the incredible clouds of wild fowl heading straight toward us.

Flying silently until they had almost reached us, each flock would set up a glad clamor as it neared the Bank. The birds were as excited as inlanders are when they reach Atlantic City. By thousands they came—teal, mallards, black ducks, widgeons. Most of them alighted on the sand. Some came to rest in the shoal water in the lee of the Bank, but these almost immediately swam ashore, and began to walk about, quacking ecstatically.

Before us in the roseate light of the new day lay the gleaming lonely sand bar, surrounded by the restless, swirling ocean tides. And here came the gay myriads, not to feed but to frolic.

Of course, there seems to me



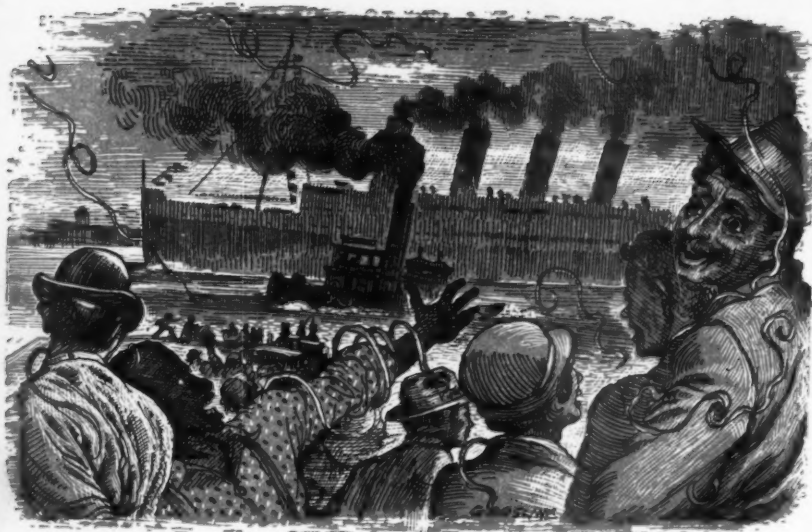
Sea

about the mirth of nature something demure—a certain elegance that forbids the boisterous. Deep-hearted joy is rarely extravagant in its expression; and in nature the artificiality of the night club and of the football celebration as evidence of happiness is missing. Sometimes I think that mere peace is the greatest proof of joy.

This mighty concourse of wild fowl, during the two hours that I watched them, spent their time in basking, in drowsing, in renewing old acquaintanceships—in refreshing rest after the long flight. Here and there little groups were playing games of ring-around-the-rosy, duck-fashion. It was memorable to see that great multitude, utterly joyous and relaxed, taking their siesta on those white sands ringed by that lonely sea.



ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID STONE MARTIN



Legends of the "Lusitania"

by JACK LAWRENCE

A ship-news reporter recalls one of the most dramatic marine disasters of all time

IF EVER THERE WAS a transatlantic liner that had "personality," it was the old Cunarder *Lusitania*, at one time speed queen of the North Atlantic. To the men who covered ship news for the New York papers, she was the *Lucy*. There was a ship!

It was never any effort for us reporters to roll out of bed at dawn to catch the early cutter when the *Lusitania* was in Quarantine. I can see her now, lying at anchor in the Narrows, her four red funnels with their black caps looming out of the morning mists. Viewed from a distance she had the rakish lines of a destroyer.

Although the *Lucy* seldom failed to bring us plenty of news, she was

the easiest of all liners to cover. We wasted no time tramping about her decks in pursuit of celebrities. Once aboard, we made straight for Mr. McCubbin's cozy cabin, where the Atlantic's senior purser greeted us like a lot of long-lost sons.

First he would close the door so no wandering celebrities could disturb us. Then he would press a button which brought a cabin boy on the run. The purser would say: "Bring us two quarts of Scotch and a half dozen bottles of club soda—and don't forget the ice."

Until this setup was in working order, we could discuss nothing more important than the weather. Then he would distribute passenger

From *When the Ships Came In* by Jack Lawrence. Copyright, 1940, by the author and published by Rinehart & Company, Inc., New York 16, N. Y.

lists and we would look over the names of those on board.

We will assume that we were interested in having a talk with rich Mr. Blank. Did we have to go up to A-deck and knock at Mr. Blank's door? We did not. McCubbin merely pressed the button and the cabin boy bounced in again.

"Go find Mr. Blank and tell him he is wanted in the purser's office."

In this way, we would interview captains of industry, movie queens, statesmen, politicians, explorers, soldiers of fortune and the principals in the latest divorce scandals. It was the most satisfactory system ever invented for gathering news.

When the *Lusitania* arrived in April, 1915, on what was destined to be her last voyage to New York, McCubbin broke some news of his own—and it was sad news to us. There was a tremor in the old man's voice as he said:

"Well, boys, this is our last party together. After half a century voyaging up and down the world, I'm about to become the most useless mortal on earth—the sailor home from the sea. I'm not quitting because I want to. It's the fool regulations. You see, I'm long past the age for compulsory retirement. It's the war that kept me on the job. But now I'm through.

"I suppose you boys will say I ought to be jolly well pleased to be going home after more than 50 years at sea. Home? That's a joke!

"This is home to me. This ship! When she finally gets old like I am and they break her up—well, they ought to break me up, too. Meantime, I'd like to stay with her—so we could both go together."

Today, the *Lusitania* lies in some

300 feet of water about ten miles west southwest of Kinsale Head. When last seen, Mr. McCubbin was sitting in his cabin.

THE MORNING the *Lusitania* sailed on her last voyage, the Imperial German Government blew itself to one of its many high-handed gestures of arrogance. The New York morning papers of May 1 carried an advertisement, warning Americans that if they sailed on the *Lusitania* and other Allied ships, they did so at their own peril.

When I boarded the *Lucy*, one of the first persons I met on deck was Elbert Hubbard. He was chewing contentedly on an apple. He hadn't seen the Embassy's warning. When I showed it to him, he went on chewing his apple.

I suggested that the Kaiser's submarines might be planning an elaborate trap for the *Lusitania*. I asked him what he would do in that case. This is his exact reply:

"What'll I do? I'll stay by the ship. I'm too old to go chasing after lifeboats and I never was much of a swimmer. No, we'll stay by the ship, won't we, ma?"

He turned to Mrs. Hubbard, who stood by the rail. "I guess we will," she said a little weakly.

The Hubbards were in their cabin when the fatal blast came. They were not seen on deck during the 15 minutes that the *Lusitania* remained afloat.

ALTHOUGH I KNEW from experience that trying to get news out of Alfred G. Vanderbilt was a waste of time, because he never had anything to say, I thought that under the circumstances I had

better wish him a pleasant voyage.

When I knocked, he opened the door himself. His valet was busy unpacking a half-dozen bags. In his buttonhole was the inevitable pink carnation. In his hand he held a telegram.

"Seems to be a lot of excitement today," he remarked jauntily. "Talk about submarines, torpedoes and death. I don't take much stock in it myself. What would they gain by sinking the Lusitania? She's not a munitions carrier. A few minutes ago I received this telegram."

The message was brief and to the point: "The Lusitania is doomed. Do not sail on her." The signature was "Mort."

"I don't know anybody named 'Mort'," said Vanderbilt. "But if you stop to think about the word, you could associate it with death—couldn't you?"

I had to admit that one could.

"Probably somebody trying to have a little fun at my expense," he continued. "Well, I'm going over to try and save some young blooded horses before the war gobbles them up. I'll be back early in the summer . . ."

Two months later on the Aquitania, I met Gad, who had been First Class barber on the Lusitania. One of the Lusitania's unsung heroes, he saved countless passengers by getting them into boats and life belts. I asked him about Vanderbilt. He said:

"The last I saw of him, he was on the boat deck trying to put life belts on women and children. The ship was going down fast. When the sea reached them, they were washed away. I never saw Vanderbilt after that. All I saw in the wa-

ter was children—children everywhere. Little tots with golden hair and terrified faces. Their cries will be ringing in my ears till I die."

ON THE MORNING of May 1, the Lusitania backed slowly out into the river. Three deep-throated blasts came back to the waving handkerchiefs on the pierhead—the Lucy raising her voice in New York for the last time. Then she started moving toward the sea—and her last great adventure.

The Lusitania's skipper was Capt. W. T. Turner, R.N.R., a veteran in the Cunard service. He was saved when the ship was torpedoed. For the fatal voyage, he had taken the place of Paddy Dow, who had commanded the Lusitania on many of her fastest crossings.

After the Lusitania went down, Turner came in for criticism. Many held that if he had availed himself of the Lucy's tremendous speed when he entered the danger zone, he would not have lost his ship.

It is easy for rocking-chair skippers to tell what they would have done under the circumstances. But the fact that Turner was saved while so many of the Lusitania's passengers were drowned did not help his case in the public mind. The man in the street thinks that there must be something wrong with any captain who neglects to go down with his ship.

One hot afternoon in July, 1916, we were sitting around the Ship News office trying to think of something cool to think about. Suddenly, in walked a Sandy Hook pilot.

"Like to take a sail upriver?" he demanded. "I'm going to Yonkers to fetch out a ship. She's loading

horses for France. Nice sail on a hot day."

"Let's go!" we chorused.

The ship proved to be the old *Ultonia* of the Cunard Line. Although the river was as smooth as any millpond, she was rolling from side to side as though she were broadside to a swell. The thing seemed uncanny to us then, although later in the war it became a familiar sight. It was caused by the long rows of horses roped off below decks.

As the ship careened to port, the horses on the starboard side would back sharply, and this would start the swing in the opposite direction. Then it would be the turn of the horses on the port side to back up. The result was an ever-increasing roll, back and forth.

"That's what they call a horse storm," said our pilot.

We hove alongside the *Ultonia* and they swung open a cargo port to admit the pilot. When those heavy iron doors parted, they revealed a solitary figure silhouetted against the dark interior. It was Captain Turner, late of the *Lusitania*. His old blue uniform was soiled and wrinkled. But his cap, bearing the Cunard insignia, was still at the familiar jaunty angle. The figure of the man was still erect and commanding.

He looked down on us but did not smile. To the pilot I heard him say: "Glad to see you aboard, sir. We'll get under way immediately. These horses are raising hell!"

ON THE MORNING of May 7, 1915, I wandered up Whitehall Street. At Mike Shannon's bar, I met a pilot who had just come

ashore. He said: "I want to talk to you where it's quiet."

After Mike had rigged up a couple of gin daisies, the pilot gave me the first inkling of one of the world's great news stories.

"Early this mornin' I docked a small freighter over in Hoboken, next to where the *Vaterland* is lay-in'. When I got ashore I stopped into a café and there's a lot of *Vaterland* men in there, all very excited. They are drinkin' each other's health and slappin' each other on the back.

"The woman behind the bar tells me they are happy because they had just got some good news over the *Vaterland's* wireless, the most powerful ever rigged on a ship. The *Lusitania* has been torpedoed off Ireland and she went down in 15 minutes!"

I faded out of Shannon's in a manner that astonished my friend the pilot. Just around the corner were the offices of the Cunard Line. When I entered, I felt the pilot had brought over a false report from Hoboken. Business was going on as usual, typewriters were clicking, a few passengers were booking accommodations.

I went to the rear and climbed a narrow stairway leading to the executive offices. Without knocking I walked into the office of Charles P. Sumner, managing director.

Sumner was an elderly Englishman, tall, dignified, inclined to be pompous. But my first glimpse of him told me that something was wrong. He was slumped over his desk. He looked caved in.

The room was heavily carpeted and he did not hear me enter. His eyes were glued to two mes-

sages lying on his desk. One was in code. The other was the decoded cable. I read it easily where it lay beside his trembling hand:

"Lusitania torpedoed ten miles west head of Old Kinsale. Sank in 15 minutes. Loss of life uncertain. Few saved. Tug Storm King and other vessels on way to scene."

Slowly the director raised his head and saw me standing there. He started to put a shaking hand over the decoded cable, but saw that it was too late.

"She's gone," he said with a gasp. "What in God's name am I to do now?"

Sumner was trembling so that I was afraid he might collapse.

"You've got to hold this news back," he said. "You've got to hold it back until I can get this office organized. You are the only newspaperman who knows anything about this. You can hold it back for just an hour—until I've had a chance to get more details, a list of those who were lost, a list of the survivors—if any."

I told him that if I held the story back an hour, I might as well forget it altogether. The Atlantic cables would be pouring the story into every newspaper office in New York. I cut his hour to 15 minutes.

I strolled across the park to the Ship News office, gave the story to the other men, and we all phoned it in together. I was lucky. My paper, the *Evening Mail*, was just "going away" with an edition and I caught it. In 15 minutes, the paper was on the street with the story of the *Lusitania* under flaring headlines, and I had scored what, I suppose, might be technically called a "beat."

Late that afternoon my city editor called me to the office. We shook hands and he said: "That was a very excellent piece of work. It just goes to show that you ship-news men could dig up some real stories occasionally if you would keep out of saloons."

So I didn't bother to tell him about the gin daisies in Mike Shannon's.



Lighter Side of Form 1040

IN ST. PAUL, Minnesota, a truck driver set some sort of a record when he submitted more than 100 withholding slips with his return, having had more than 100 employers while handling loads on a catch-as-catch-can basis between St. Paul and Chicago.

IN LITTLE ROCK, Arkansas, a bachelor taxpayer unsuccessfully tried to claim a neighbor's wife and children as "exemptions."

IN HARTFORD, Connecticut, the new joint income-tax return effected a reconciliation between an estranged couple when the husband went to see his wife to get her signature on the joint return. —T. J. McINERNEY



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Lights for the Lonely

by DAVID DUNN

ONE NIGHT WHEN WE lived in a New York suburb, my wife and I were feeling lonely. I suggested that we call on some neighbors up the street.

"Oh, they're probably busy with friends," she objected in a tone of discouragement. "I don't think they'd want to be bothered by a lonely couple like us."

"Let's find out," I said, going to the phone.

"Are you folks doing anything special tonight?" I asked.

"George and I have been sitting here feeling terribly lonesome, and wishing there was someone to play bridge with," came the reply.

"Well, there is—will you come to our house, or shall we come to yours?" I continued.

I don't know when two lonely couples ever had a more enjoyable evening together!

If there were a little blue light over every door, which lit automatically as a sort of SOS call when the family felt lonely, I wonder whether Lonesome Lights wouldn't be kept burning nearly every evening in half the houses and apartments of America.

From Try Giving Yourself Away

ILLUSTRATED BY J. GRAHAM KAYE



My Bravest Pupil

by HELEN TERRY

Here is the inspiring story of a child who learned early in life that courage is the stuff of which miracles are made

IT WAS THERE when I got home from school on my birthday, just as I had known it would be. For ten years Rosemarie had never forgotten. An embroidered handkerchief, a little apron, usually some simple loving gift that she had made because it was my birthday and she still remembered.

This time it was a bright scarf, accompanied as usual by what she called her "annual letter"—a page or two of cheerful chatter to keep me up-to-date on her activities. A warm little note it always was, and one that never failed to bring extra sunshine into my life.

And yet she would never walk again. She had the legs of a six-year-old; polio had withered them. She could not even sit up without the help of a heavy brace.

As I started dinner, my mind drifted back ten years to that morning when I first saw her—a cringing wisp of a youngster, hopeless and bitter, and alone against the world. She was sitting stiff in her wheel chair, her big eyes defensive, as her mother rolled her into my classroom.

"Miss Terry, this is Rosemarie."

"Good morning, Rosemarie. We're so glad to have you with us."

The child's gray eyes mocked me for a liar.

"Myra," I said quickly to another pupil, "will you show Rose-

marie where to put her wraps?"

"I can push myself!" Resentment sharpened her voice, and Myra's ready smile died. Thirty-nine pairs of rounded eyes swung to me at her tone.

"Of course you can," I managed pleasantly, "but I think Myra would like to show you where to sit—at the back table until we can get a desk for you."

Swiftly she propelled her chair up the side aisle, the awed youngsters making room as a crowd falls back before a stretcher case. She reached the table with cheeks flaming. I had tried to prepare the class, being carefully casual about her coming, but children are always unpredictable, and they stared at her openmouthed.

Hastily I ushered her mother out of the room. She was looking as worried as I felt, but I gave her a parting smile of encouragement. My biggest problem right then was to find a common denominator that would put this tortured little girl on a level with the others. I remembered what the principal had said to me the day before:

"The choice is entirely in your hands, Miss Terry. The child is very bright; she's had home tutors. But the doctor has advised her parents that school contacts with other children might be what she needs to dispel her moodiness. They've done everything possible for her the past four years, but she will never walk again. Will you take her or not, Miss Terry? No one will blame you if you say no."

I shrank from the physical responsibility, thinking of fire drills and snowy-day dismissals. But somehow I knew there was no

choice. If there was even the slightest possibility of doing something to help this unfortunate child, I had no right to refuse.

So she had come—unwillingly, expecting to be hurt, fearing ridicule or, even worse, pity. But her doctor had prescribed it. She would take it like bitter medicine.

SHE BROKE SOONER than I had expected. Recess bell sent the intermediate classes out to play, and I made a pretext of checking book numbers with Rosemarie to keep her in. As my fifth grade surged out the door, Stephen's piercing voice came with dreadful clearness, through the open windows:

"Hey, Donnie! Know what? We got a *cripple* in our class!"

Quickly I looked at Rosemarie. Her face was like wax. Then, as she slowly raised her eyes to mine, the hopeless suffering in their gray depths almost broke my heart. Beautiful eyes, made for childish wonder and trust and happiness—not for beaten despair.

"Miss Terry, I want to go home," she whispered.

Deliberately I turned my back and began to erase examples on the blackboard. "All right, Rosemarie," I said as calmly as I could. "You may go home if you like; but I think you ought to tell me first why you don't want to stay."

As I turned to face her, she dropped her hands and stared at me as if she couldn't believe she had heard the words.

"Why I don't want——. Didn't you hear what that boy said?"

I tried to keep my face expressionless. "What did he say?"

"He said I was a —— a —— a

cripple!" The word was torn out between wrenching sobs.

"Oh, he did?" I said. "Well, that's not so strange. We have a number of cripples in this class."

Rosemarie stared at me.

"What exactly is a cripple?" I asked her. "Isn't it a person whose physical body needs help in some way to do its work properly? In this class there are eye-cripples—Bobby and Janet and Peter who sat in front of you; they all wear glasses. Charles is an ear-cripple; he has no hearing in one ear. Later he will wear a hearing aid."

Her tear-streaked face was still pale, but she was listening.

"Only yesterday, Eddie was showing everybody his cut lip and bragging that he got it in a fight he won. *A fight he won!* Your weak legs, Rosemarie, are what you got in a fight *you* won—a fight for your life. You must do something with that life, not waste it."

"How can I? They can walk. I can't." Her lips trembled, but she had stopped crying.

"I don't think you are a coward, Rosemarie," I said. "And yet if you go home and hide, everyone will think of you as a coward. You must face your trouble and hide it without running away."

"How can anybody do that?"

I sat down on a desk near her. "I know the only real way to hide it from people. Will you try it?"

She nodded.

"The only sure way is to concentrate on doing everything you possibly can for other people, so that they will remember you for what you do, not for what you are. It is only your legs that are useless—not your hands or your heart or

your head. With these, you can find many things to do to make others happy, and by doing so will make yourself happy, too."

"Happy, Miss Terry?" Unbelief filled her eyes.

"Yes. Wouldn't you be happy if the other children forgot you couldn't walk?"

She said nothing, but sat there watching the racing children on the playground.

I glanced at my watch. "Oh, dear! It's nearly time for the children to come in, and I must go to the office for supplies. I won't have time to check these arithmetic papers. Will you do them for me? It would be a great help."

Without waiting for an answer, I laid the papers on her table and left her alone. Five minutes later, the youngsters came panting in, and classes went on. I paid no more attention to her until just before 12 o'clock, when Peter laid the checked papers on my desk.

"Rosemarie said to give you these," he told me.

They were completely and beautifully done, and I felt relief flooding through me. The first small contact had been made.

ROSEMARIE CAME BACK next day, but she was still grim; and it was a week or more before I dared try the second step. I kept her busy during recesses—checking papers, filing record cards, sorting small supplies, rolling her way to the office on an occasional errand—and she was in the midst of alphabetizing the book cards one day when I made the plunge.

It was a beautiful morning—one of those blue-and-gold days of early

autumn. I looked out at the girls jumping rope below our windows.

"What a good time they're having!" I said. "Too bad they have to take an end so many times. Barbara was saying the other day that her arms get tired sometimes."

I looked at Rosemarie's arms, muscular and strongly developed through years of manipulating crutches. Then I stopped. What came next had to come from her.

"Do you think they'd like me to turn for them a while?" she said. "My arms," she smiled faintly, "never seem to get tired."

"Like it? I'm sure they'd love it."

I rushed to the window. "Ann," I called, "Rosemarie wants to know if you girls would like her to take a permanent end for you."

There was a shout of joy from the whole group. "Sure!"

"Get going, chicken," I breathed, "and have a good time."

She was out the door before I had finished, and sending her chair flying down the hall. I picked up the unfinished book cards, praying that the girls would follow through.

The bell brought her in, flushed and smiling, and convoyed by at least eight of them, all arguing good-naturedly as to who should have a chance to push her. Watching that first brightness in her face, I could hardly keep from cheering.

"Round Two!" I told myself.

That was the beginning. But the rest wasn't easy—for the children, for Rosemarie, for me. There were numberless complications, dozens of situations to be met and conquered before they arose.

Rosemarie had been with us about four months when the fifth grade was asked to give a perform-

ance at the Community House to raise funds for student loans. We couldn't find a suitable play in the library so we decided to write one. A playwrighting committee was organized, and I managed to get them to include Rosemarie, who had been developing skill in putting words together.

They had planned to dramatize Drake's battle against the Spanish Armada, and I thought everything was under way, until one morning when I walked into my classroom to the tune of heated argument.

"Well!" I said. "Sounds as if the Armada has already struck!"

Nobody laughed. Angry faces turned to me.

"Miss Terry!" said Ben, his eyes glinting dangerously, "do you think it's fair for Rosemarie to change the whole part I made up for Drake last night? We came early this morning to read the play, and now she's changed everything!"

Again the babble broke out. "Wait a minute," I put in. "One at a time, please."

"Look!" Rosemarie held up a piece of paper, crossed out and scribbled over. "Isn't it all right to make it sound better?"

"Who says it sounds better?" Ben demanded pugnaciously.

"I didn't change any of Ben's ideas." She hesitated. "He has good ideas. I only changed the words."

Ben looked mollified, and I stifled an impulse to laugh. All she had done was to rewrite his material, and yet he was satisfied as long as she hadn't changed his ideas!

When the writing was at last completed, we moved on to casting. The youngsters made good choices, including Ben as Drake, and then

thrilled me by deciding that the role of Elizabeth the Queen should go to Rosemarie.

I have never forgotten the radiance in that child's face when the cast was announced. Nor the way she played her part the night of the performance. The scene was laid in the Queen's chambers, with Elizabeth sitting regally at a table, holding audience with Drake just before he engaged the Spanish fleet.

Her braided hair was a work of art—caught with shining clasps and dusted with a light sprinkling of artificial snow to catch the footlights. And the wide-skirted court dress that hid the cruel iron braces was encrusted with priceless jewels from the local dime store.

The stage was dimly lighted as Drake knelt at her feet in the final moments of the play. Fearlessly her voice rang out in the closing lines

that she had written. "All England stands at the crossroads tonight, my loyal friend. In the outcome of this battle lies the difference between life and death for a mighty nation. Go, Sir Francis! My blessings go with you. And should you win for us or go down in defeat, remember only this—neither England nor the Queen herself ever loved a better man!"

The curtains swung together to waves of applause that would not cease. But to me, Rosemarie's triumph that night lay in the answer that Stephen gave when a stranger asked him who the girl was who had played the Queen so well.

"Oh," he replied, "she's the girl with the long braids in our class."

Not the cripple, as he had once described her—but the girl with the long braids! . . .

Oh, God! Rosemarie had won!



Celebrity Side Lights

AMY LOWELL's fondness for cigars helped her out once. Her automobile had been repaired, and the mechanic hesitated to let her charge the repairs, since he didn't know her.

"I'm Amy Lowell," she explained, "and my brother is the president of Harvard. Call him; he'll tell you I'm good for the bill."

The mechanic telephoned President Lowell, who had only one question: "What's she doing now?"

The mechanic looked and replied, "Sitting on a stone smoking a cigar."

"That's my sister," said the distinguished educator. —BRUCE RICHARDS

THE LATE HENRY FORD is reported to have said that the reason he never used an office was because he found he could get out of the other fellow's office faster than he could get the other fellow out of his.

—Church Management

RICHMAN'S Keeps Democracy at Work

by BURT ZOLLO



There are no closed doors or class distinctions in its vast Cleveland factory

A FEW MONTHS AGO, an attractive set of youthful twins entered the personnel department of Cleveland's vast, 17-acre Richman Brothers' clothing factory. The girls, just graduated from high school, announced that they had come to claim their jobs.

"What jobs?" asked the clerk.

"Why, the jobs our mother got for us 18 years ago!" the twins confidently replied.

The clerk, realizing that Richman employees often jokingly prepared job applications for their newly born, decided to play along. He sent the girls to Superintendent F. C. Mues, a Richman veteran of

28 years. Mues, who calls each of the 2,500 factory employees by first name, recognized the twins' sincerity and hired them on the spot.

"It was the only thing to do," he explained to the personnel clerk. "Anyone who waits 18 years to join the Family deserves to get in."

The Family is what Richman employees have been calling themselves since the organization was founded 71 years ago. Comprising 3,300 employees working in the Cleveland factory as well as in 64 retail men's clothing stores, the Family is a unique American institution which has proved that the spirit and intimacy of family life

can be successfully projected into modern industry.

In the Cleveland plant, under one roof, all manufacturing processes are completed, from sponging cloth to putting last touches on the suits, trousers and overcoats which are then distributed to Richman's retail stores throughout the country. Now a notable showcase of industrial democracy, the Richman organization has gained such fame that it must daily turn away job applicants.

Being a Family, the company believes in families. Only applicants who receive the recommendation of a Richman worker, past or present, are considered for positions, and relatives of workers have the best chance.

"We've had as many as 14 in one family working with us," says President Frank C. Lewman. Eighty per cent of the workers—who are quite proud of the great, airy factory's bright cleanliness, 18-foot ceilings, large window areas, modern machinery and indirect lighting—are girls who had little or no experience when hired.

They are carefully screened and instructed, and soon they become acclimated to the Family customs—many of which are strange to outsiders who expect a certain formality, a certain division between the various classes of workers.

When a member of the Family enters in the morning or leaves in the afternoon, he is greeted by one of the top executives. What might seem affected in another company is expected and understandable at Richman's.

"Why," says one of the registered nurses, "if Mr. Lewman or another

executive wasn't at the door, I'd feel slighted. It would be as if a friend on whom I was calling failed to greet me at the door."

None of the employees miss the cheery salutation, since everyone, from seamstress to advertising director, uses the same doorway. There is no employee entrance at Richman's, just as there is no separate dining room for top officials.

Richman's family friendliness is genuine—as genuine as the man who started the company. Old Henry Richman started his first clothing business in 1853 in Portsmouth, Ohio. Twenty-six years later, the company moved to Cleveland. When Henry first sold merchandise, he sometimes had to accept pig iron and salt in trade. But he worked hard, waiting for his three sons to join him. As the boys turned 16, he took them into business, paying them \$3 a week.

Son Charles (who died in 1936) eventually became president of the growing company. A cheerful and precise organizer, he was known as "the merry one." Henry Centennial (who died in 1934) was known as "the quiet one"; he became secretary-treasurer. "Mr. N. G.," (who died in 1941), known in later years as "Daddy" Richman, became chairman of the board.

It was "Mr. N. G." who had the idea that made Richman Brothers the immense concern it is today. He suggested they sell their \$22.50 suits and overcoats direct to customers. In 1903, the first retail store was opened. Three years later, Old Henry died, but he had lived to see his three sons make the Richman family spirit an integral part of a successful business.

The brothers, however, were not satisfied. They worried about sweat-shop practices existing in the clothing industry. So, in 1913, they hired a 23-year-old Hoosier who knew factory management.

Frank Lewman, now president, had the same friendly, warmhearted nature as the three brothers. Soon, working conditions at the Richman plant had been improved, an efficient mail-order department was established and, in 1916, the brothers built the big factory they have today.

In 1919, the Richmans gave their employees ten-day paid summer vacations, a pioneering move in employee relations. Today, every worker receives a paid two-week summer vacation and a paid week's vacation at Christmas.

This feeling of equality, where all receive the same consideration, has always been a part of the Richman organization. "There is no class distinction in our daily relations," says Lewman. "And that's not a pose, but a fact. If a button falls off a suit, the whole suit is no good."

Everyone eats in the same cafeteria, where Lewman and other executives congregate freely with cutters, sewers, basters, spongers and stock boys. Similarly, each member of the Family feels perfectly free to enter the president's office for any reason.

A typical day for Lewman includes three to five visits from employees. Besides discussing the best house to buy, family difficulties, the purchase of a new car, or the bowling team, Lewman and other executives act as impartial judges between any complaining workman and shop foreman.

Naturally, like all firms, Richman's is not without personnel problems, but usually they are solved with alacrity. Or, as sometimes happens in business, circumstance intervenes. There was George, a serious young man who was constantly arguing with fellow employees. The friction he caused was brought to his attention; but George's belligerent attitude did not change.

Suddenly he was stricken with appendicitis and rushed to a hospital. After the operation, his condition was serious. Blood donors were called for, and eight fellow workers went to the youth's aid.

While recuperating, he wrote a frank and sincere letter of thanks to the men who had come to his help, the same men he had disliked before. At last, said George, he fully comprehended the feeling of genuine fellowship that was present in the factory.

AT RICHMAN'S THERE is no time clock. When more than five workers are late, it is unusual. Each worker keeps his own record, decides for himself how much work he will do. As one foreman says: "We emphasize quality—not quantity. We trust the people for that. With good pay, there's no worry."

In 1932, the Richman Foundation was created to lend money, without interest, to solvent employees. Workers who are financing homes, purchasing a car, sending children through college, go to the Foundation. Outright gifts are made to those who are in immediate—and desperate—need.

Today, the three Richman brothers are dead, but their principles

are practiced as strongly as ever. Although clothing prices since the war have generally risen much higher, the Richman increase has been held to 35 per cent. Herman P. Scharf, advertising director, declares: "Not once did we hold back merchandise for higher prices. Not one garment was lost in production because of labor troubles."

And Scharf remembers the Richman tradition when he writes advertising copy. "We have no truck with the tricks in advertising that make things seem what they are not," he says. "We believe copy, like Lincoln's pants, should only be as long as is necessary to cover the subject."

Employees believe that, like Lincoln's pants, Richman's benefits have certainly covered the welfare subject. Proof of their feeling is the fact that as many as 95 per cent of them have been stockholders in the Family. That there has never been a strike of any kind is added proof

that the progressive Richman policy pays extra dividends.

Old Henry would have been proud of these significant facts. But he would have been especially proud of his three sons if he could have heard the words of the Most Rev. Joseph Shrembs, Bishop of Cleveland, who spoke in 1937 at the 21st anniversary of the opening of the Richman Family factory-home. He said:

"I want to say to you today, and I wish I could say it to the country as a whole, that I think the Richman plant is the outstanding plant in the country. It not only preaches social justice, but practices it.

"I am a Catholic bishop. Mr. Richman belongs to the great Jewish faith. The Richman brothers did not ask questions: Are you Jewish? Are you Catholic? No, they realize the sufferings and sorrow that exist in our midst, and out of their bounty, shared with us the blessings that have come to them."

Pertinent



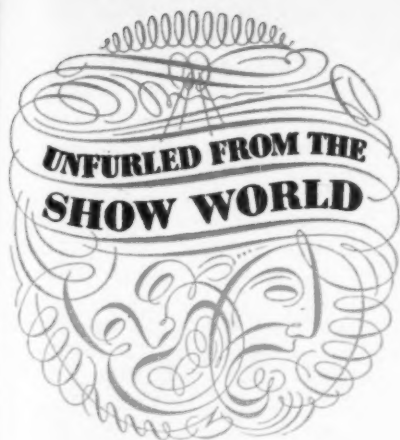
Prayers

A LITTLE GIRL was saying her prayers: "God take care of Grandma and Grandpa, Daddy and Mother, all my aunts and uncles and cousins. And, dear God, be sure and take good care of yourself because if anything happened to you this world would sure be in a mess." —SARAH MEYERS

WHEN LITTLE PETER said his prayers, he closed with: "And please make Cyril give up throwing stones at me. By the way, I've mentioned this to you before."

A LITTLE BOY was saying his go-to-bed prayers in a very low voice. "I can't hear you, dear," his mother whispered. "Wasn't talking to you," said the small one firmly.

—LEWIS AND FAYE COPELAND



Airlines

Men look shorter when they sit down these days—they're sitting on flat wallets.

—JIMMY DURANTE

Statistics prove that locomotives are not afraid of automobiles.

—PAUL WHITEMAN

Teletripe

I don't know how this crew haircut of mine is going to work out for television. The first time I was on a show, a woman called up the SPCA and screamed, "Come over here quick! There's a porcupine trapped in my receiver!"

—GARRY MOORE

Dorothy Lamour says she received several offers to go into television, but they didn't work out—she couldn't wrestle.

—MRS. LOUISE STEINER

The fights at the Hollywood Legion Stadium were particularly poor. Groucho Marx whispered to a

friend: "It's fights like this that will kill television."

—ERSKINE JOHNSON, *NEA Service, Inc.*

If they televise Congress, a lot of people are going to wonder who actually posed for the campaign posters.

—Pathfinder

Onstage

Alfred Lunt takes almost as much pride in his culinary achievements as he does in the development of a new role.

On one occasion, he was to give a supper party for several friends after an opening night on Broadway. The theater was packed; the opening a tremendous success. The following afternoon, however, when Lunt appeared at the theater, he was deep in gloom.

"Why so dejected?" asked a fellow actor.

"It was a terrible flop," answered Lunt.

"What are you talking about? The opening was a smash success!"

"Oh, that," said Lunt disinterestedly. "I was thinking of last night's soufflé."

—IRVING HOFFMAN

James Melton, the concert and opera star, collects antique automobiles and usually carries photographs of his favorite models while on tour.

On one occasion, an unimaginative theater manager happened to be looking over the pictures and ventured to ask Melton why he bothered with such ancient jalopies when he could pay for a snappy number of late vintage.

"It's this way," replied the singer. "I often practice while driving. If

I hit the high notes and really hear them over the chug of a '07 Maxwell, I know I can still afford the better things in life."—GEORGE HENSHOFFER

When Yvonne Adair was asked by an interviewer why she had given up tutoring to return to the stage, she replied: "I was teaching a backward child with a forward father."

—TONI YOBELL

Film Flam

At El Morocco Paulette Goddard was asked why she had agreed to play the title role in the movie version of *Anna Lucasta*.

Miss Goddard's explanation was brief: "The role was perfect for me—long pay and short skirts."

—LEONARD LYONS

Cellulines

I don't want to be a millionaire—I just want to live like one.

—ASHLEY DEVINE

I learned to ski in only 10 sittings.

—CLAUDETTE COLBERT

With the Critics

A London reviewer had this to say about a recent American film: "By ingenious camera treatment, Mr. Bogart's face is not seen until the picture has run for an hour. One or two other stars might try this sometime."

—LAURA MULLINS

For Variety

With the return of vaudeville, the stages of many theaters that had not booked live talent for nearly a generation were hastily refurbished. Jan August and His Piano Magic

was headlined recently in one of these former variety houses. The years of neglect had caused the stage floor to become warped, and during August's first number the piano rolled slowly away from him. He moved the stool and resumed playing. This time the piano rolled toward him.

Jan got up and addressed the audience: "Folks, you'll have to excuse the management for billing me as Jan August and His Piano Magic. It should have been Jan August and His Magic Piano."

—H. W. KELLY

The male half of a dance team was raving to a producer. "You never saw anything so sensational. At the finish of our act I take my partner by the hair and whirl her around for exactly 20 spins. Then I wind up the whole thing by heaving her through an open window."

The producer paled. "Heave her through an open window!" he repeated. "Do you do that at every performance?"

The young man shrugged. "Nobody's perfect," he admitted. "Sometimes I miss!"

—Successful Farming

Coronet invites contributions for "Unfurled from the Show World." Send us that gag you heard on the radio, that quip from stage and screen, and anecdotes about show business, but be sure to state the source of material you submit. Payment for suitable items will be made upon publication. Address your contributions to "Unfurled from the Show World" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Sorry, but no "Show World" contributions can be acknowledged, and none can be returned unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.

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The Jane Russell Story

THIS IS THE REAL-LIFE fairy tale of a girl who hurtled from drab obscurity to sudden, startling fame. In an incredible instant, Jane Russell became a glittering legend to 250,000,000 movie fans the world over. Here is the story of the girl behind the Cinderella-like legend.





On a June day in 1921, Roy Russell and his wife, Geraldine, crossed the Canadian border into Minnesota so that their first child might be born in the U. S. They named her Ernestine Jane Geraldine.



One day she would face blazing lights and whirring cameras with poise and aplomb. But in the spring of 1924, she was just a round-faced little girl, posing for a snapshot with proud grandparents.



To anyone who had known bitter Northern cold, the Southern California of the 1920s must have seemed a balmy paradise. So after the Russells went West, their daughter ran and laughed in sunshine.



By the time young Jamie Russell became her playmate, nature was already molding Jane's sleepy eyes and generous mouth into the dark beauty that one day would become known around the globe.



As the years passed, the girl grew serene and self-assured. "What if you hadn't become famous?" she was asked recently. Jane shrugged. "I'd have been a happy dress designer or decorator. Anything."



Until her marriage in 1918, Geraldine Russell had acted in stock, even on Broadway. Now, her growing youngsters were known up and down San Fernando Valley as a dramatic troupe and family orchestra.



Jane moved with lissome grace. It is one of the contradictions of her life that the girl who was to become a national image of femininity climbed fences and played baseball with her various beaux.



A milestone was the lead in her high-school play, *Shirt Sleeves*. To celebrate, she and her classmates went to Tijuana, Mexico, and tried to strike a sophisticated pose for the photographer.



When Roy Russell died, Jane went to work in a doctor's office for \$10 a week. Later, she was a photographer's model, and studied drama. Her brothers teased her, but in a laughing way.



Then it happened. An agent glimpsed a picture in a photo studio, took it from the wall and sent it to Howard Hughes. They had to search the San Fernando Valley for Jane Russell, the star-to-be.



Soon the Hollywood wheels began to turn; the drums began to beat. *Jane Russell was Howard Hughes' newest find . . . Jane Russell would be starred in "The Outlaw."* This picture became world-famous.

o,
d



She played a sultry half-breed who loved notorious Billy the Kid. Then a violent controversy over certain scenes spread across the nation and, with every word, pro or con, her fame grew.



The lush figure of Jane Russell decorated soldiers' billets on five continents, her sensuous lips smiled from fuselages of bombing planes, and sailors chose her as "the girl we'd like in every port."



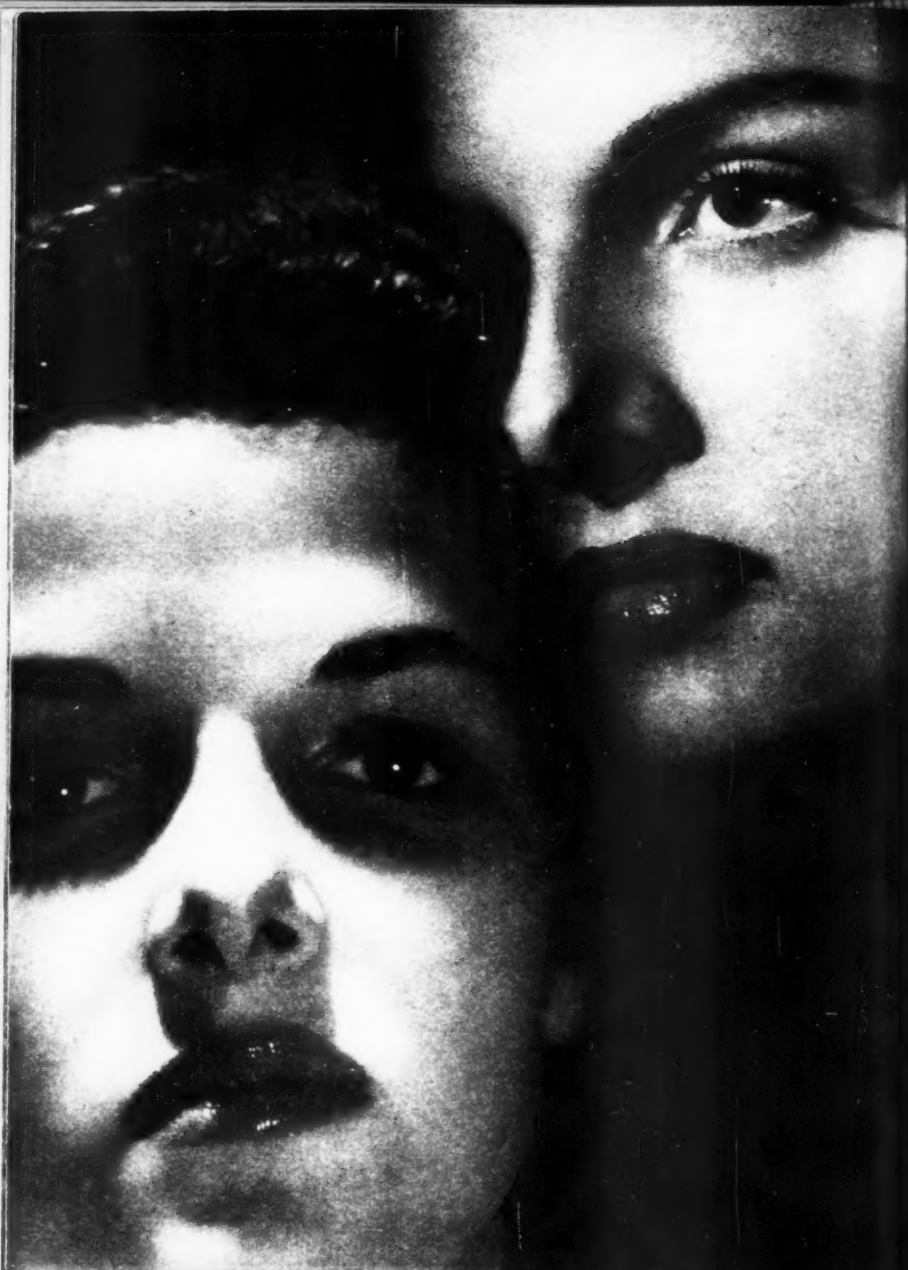
Ardently she was photographed in a thousand poses. She was seen in silk and sackcloth, bathing suits and bandannas. To millions of war-weary men, she became the world's No. 1 pin-up girl.



She made *The Paleface*, *It's Only Money* and *Montana Belle*, and grew more confident every day. Bob Hope, who helped her gain assurance, said: "Don't let her fool you. Tangle with her and she'll shingle your attic!"



The deluge of words and pictures never tapered off. Soon, there was hardly a movie-goer in the world who did not know the name or see the pliant beauty of Jane Russell. She was a star.



Yet Jane herself, speaking of her first two pictures, is quick to admit: "I was awful. I recited lines like a marionette." But in her real-life fairy tale, two movies are only a beginning.

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Sell Yourself by Telephone

by K. C. INGRAM

Your voice and personality over the wire may determine your success or failure

WE MAY THINK of the jangling telephone, intruding upon our home lives and interrupting our business hours, as a robot that commands and drives us through the day and sometimes into the night. We might better regard it as a helpful assistant in our dealings with other people—inextending, smoothing and making more effective our human relationships.

George Walsh, partner in a large New York firm, dialed the number of Miss Evans, chief of the firm's stenographic pool.

"Miss Evans is away from her desk a moment, Mr. Walsh," came a pleasant voice over the phone. "May I ask her to call you?"

"Ask her to come to my office, please," Walsh replied.

When Miss Evans came in, he told her his secretary had left the firm suddenly and that he needed a temporary secretary. "I'd like to try the girl who answered your phone," he said. "She has a most agreeable voice and personality."

"She does have a nice voice, but I never thought of Amy having much personality," Miss Evans replied. "She's rather plain and not very fast on dictation. However, she is responsible and might work out all right, at least temporarily."

It so happened that Amy worked out very well on the new job. Her manner was quiet and efficient; her

taking of dictation, though slow at first, rapidly improved; her work was accurate and dependable; and, above all, her voice and manner on the telephone and with people who visited the office were really charming. Amy got the job permanently.

Mrs. Gertrude H. Frese, assistant to the president of the New York Telephone Company, recounts that incident, to illustrate how good telephone manners have won opportunities for people in business.

No instrument has done more to speed up personal dealings in industry and trade. But the central fact about telephone conversations that must be kept in mind is that the persons talking are invisible to each other. The telephone is blind. You know that little extra effort one always exerts in talking with the blind? That's the idea in telephoning—just a little extra consideration for the other person.

How effectively a blind person himself may visualize and work out his career in dealing with people by telephone is illustrated by this story from F. J. Reagan, vice-president of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company:

Before World War II, a college student whom we shall call Henry Bulotti worked part-time for a wholesale florist to help pay his tuition. His job was to call on retail shops with sample flowers and obtain orders. He liked the work so well he thought he would adopt it as a permanent career; but the war interrupted, and when he returned to civilian life he was blind.

Henry applied for his old job and got it. His employer bought a recorder machine on which he could give instructions and sugges-

tions to Henry orally, rather than by written memorandum, and he bought a Braille typewriter for Henry's use to record sales and keep his own records. Then Henry was given an office of his own.

But how could he convince customers of the quality of his merchandise, without actually taking the flowers to them to see? The answer Henry found is an amazing example of how a salesman may visualize and sell his products, his services and himself by phone.

Henry would have the flowers described to him, and by feeling them could determine the shape and texture. This information he would then pass on by telephone to his customers.

With the help of a telephone-company specialist, Henry learned effective ways of influencing people by voice and manner. Also, he kept closely in touch with the problems and methods of retailers. He went to great lengths to learn all about exotic plants, their character and origin. These selling points he passed along to retailers to help them sell to customers. Henry was a success in his new job.

CULTIVATION of an effective telephone voice often develops into a helpful personality trait. Clear-cut, agreeable speech is a definite help toward leadership. A well-modulated voice adds personal charm. These attributes can be cultivated just as can any other good habit—that is, by practice.

"The voice is a marvelously flexible instrument," says a well-known trainer. "You can smile, you can laugh, you can glower. Always remember that the other person is

How to Avoid Mistakes

ERRORS ARE LIKELY to creep into any conversation. In business dealings by telephone, it is vitally important that precautions be taken to avoid mistakes. In giving new, unusual, or unfamiliar names, spell them out, using a familiar word to illustrate each letter. Sears, Roebuck and Company use this list issued by the Bell Telephone System:

A as in Alice
B as in Bertha
C as in Charles
D as in David
E as in Edward
F as in Frank
G as in George
H as in Harry
I as in Ida

J as in James
K as in Kate
L as in Louis
M as in Mary
N as in Nellie
O as in Oliver
P as in Peter
Q as in Quaker
R as in Robert

S as in Samuel
T as in Thomas
U as in Utah
V as in Victor
W as in William
X as in X ray
Y as in Young
Z as in Zebra

visualizing you as you talk on the telephone. What sort of picture does your voice conjure up?"

There are all sorts of telephone personalities, he points out: Mr. Grunt with his "Yeah" and "Uh huh"; Mrs. Mouse with her indistinct squeak; Miss Faraway with her vague voice; and Mr. and Miss Masticators with their cigar, gum, and pencil chewing. And, of course, on the pleasant side there's Miss Cheerful Good Morning, Mr. Brisk Rightaway, and many other agreeable people.

The difference between the routine and indifferent personalities on the one hand, and the heart-warming ones on the other, is a matter of conscious effort, just as in every phase of human relations. Even in a social call, it is only good manners for the person calling to come to the point at once. In business, this is essential.

Have in mind what you are going to say, and how you can say it

briefly and clearly. Mention the subject and main point at once. Have your thoughts organized, records or papers at hand, and paper and pencil for note-taking.

Answer the telephone promptly and speak directly into the receiver. Identify yourself at once: "Jones Company, Miss Burnham speaking," or, if the call came through your company switchboard, simply, "Miss Brown speaking." A friendly greeting, such as "Good morning, Mr. Hepner," may follow naturally when the caller identifies himself.

"Enunciate clearly, mold the words in your mouth," specialists advise. Don't slur the words; speak every syllable of every word in a natural tone of voice. Don't talk too fast. The ordinary rate of around 120 words a minute will save time, on long-distance just as on local calls. If you speak too fast, the listener may hear just a jumble.

People who constantly interrupt in phone conversations waste time

for themselves and the other persons. Montgomery Ward cites this example to show how such interruptions make difficulties for everyone:

WRONG WAY

CUSTOMER: I'm Mrs. Hawkins. I placed an order Wednesday, and the girl said it should be in today. Could you . . .

ORDER GIRL: Mrs. Hawkins—just a minute . . .

ORDER GIRL (returning): Did you say Hawkins? And when was the order placed?

CUSTOMER: Yes, the name is Hawkins. I placed the order Wednesday. The girl said . . .

ORDER GIRL: Just a minute, please!

CUSTOMER: But . . .

ORDER GIRL (after a very long minute): Are you sure the order was placed Wednesday, Mrs. Watkins?

CUSTOMER: The name is Hawkins—H-a-w-k-i-n-s—and if you can't even remember my name, no wonder you can't get an order in!

RIGHT WAY

CUSTOMER: I'm Mrs. Hawkins. I placed an order Wednesday, and the girl said it should be in today. Has it come in yet?

ORDER GIRL: Just a minute, Mrs. Hawkins, and I'll look it up for you.

Some orders just came in, and I'll see if yours is among them . . . Hello, Mrs. Hawkins. Your order just arrived, and we'll have it for you whenever you come in.

Waiting on the telephone is annoying to the person holding the line, because he can't see why he is having to wait or that anything is being done to cut the waiting short. Here, again, consideration for the other fellow should come in. If you ask a person to hold the line, and there is some delay before you can get back to the telephone, he will appreciate your expression of regret. And if you find the delay may be prolonged, explain the reason for it and offer to call back.

On the telephone, as in other human situations, people will pay us back. If we are considerate, they will be easy to deal with. If we are inconsiderate, they are likely to make things difficult.

A distinct, unhurried and friendly voice adds efficiency and charm to every telephone conversation. In fact, good manners are more necessary in telephoning than in face-to-face conversation. By cultivating such manners, you will find that you can sell yourself, both in social and business matters, to a degree far beyond your expectations.

Seen and



Appreciated

Ad for a Hollywood diaper laundry: "If baby duzz, give us a buzz."
—IRVING HOFFMAN

Sign on the steps of a courthouse: "This way for Marriage Licenses—Watch Your Step." —HY GARDNER

The Ghosts of Glastonbury



by RALPH H. MAJOR, JR.

Weird but fascinating is this story of the search for a priceless buried treasure

A HAZY MOON FITFULLY lighted the walls of the ancient English ruin. Before the skeleton of what was once Glastonbury Abbey, a solemn group of scientists had gathered. On this cold night in 1907, they had come to pay tribute to an enigma which had puzzled archaeologists for years.

Since 166 A. D., Glastonbury Abbey had stood, aloof and mysterious, on a moor in Somerset. An earlier edifice, built on its site by Joseph of Arimathea—the man who

buried Christ—was the first foothold of Christianity in England. In the fifth century, a hardy band of Benedictine monks occupied the abbey and made it the pilgrimage goal of thousands of Britons.

In 1539, however, the famous old church was condemned. In that year, King Henry VIII ordered the abbot, a venerable monk named Richard Whiting, to surrender Glastonbury's title and treasures. The old man bluntly refused. For his obstinacy, the man of God was

hanged and his head stuck on a pike above the gate. His beloved Abbey was razed and the treasures of the Order were then distributed among the King's henchmen.

When Glastonbury Abbey fell, however, the magnificent Edgar Chapel—built in memory of the Saxon King Edgar, an early patron of the church—somehow disappeared. And with it the priceless art treasure adorning that sector of the church was lost.

Countless archaeologists had been intrigued by Glastonbury and had tried to discover a means of uncovering Edgar Chapel and its buried wealth. None had succeeded. Now the task had fallen to an eminent scientist, Frederick Bligh Bond, R. F. I. B.A., later Director of Excavations at Glastonbury for the Somerset Archaeological Society.

This brilliant archaeologist was more than familiar with the ivy-covered soil on which he stood. For years he had studied every scrap of history pertaining to the Abbey. He had pored over parchment crackling with age and yellowed books bound in horsehide. He knew all about Glastonbury—all but the location of the Edgar Chapel.

Since 1903, he had been engaged in an almost-sacred mission. Now he was more than ever determined to unearth the lost chapel. Just then a chill wind swept across the little group before the Abbey. To an assistant, Bond said wearily:

"We've tried everything. Our calculations are as exact as science can make them. We have only one last hope. We must abandon the normal processes of science. We must try to tap the knowledge of people who lived and died here."

Bond's aide was flabbergasted. Turn to ghosts? Wrest from the dead the key to Glastonbury's ancient mystery? Yet he knew that, as scientists, they could go no farther. Some supernatural force might succeed where science had failed.

That cold, windy night of 1907 marked the beginning of a strange experiment. In the daytime, Bond and his assistants dug, sifted and examined basketsful of earth from Glastonbury's ruins. At night, Bond and a colleague sat silently about a table in their tavern room attempting to penetrate the mystic barrier separating this world from the next.

THE DOUBLE-PRONGED project continued for a year. Then, one blustery evening in February, 1908, the two were lounging about the fireplace in the little inn.

As he had asked a hundred times before, Frederick Bond intoned: "Can you give me the clear internal length of the Edgar Chapel?"

Suddenly, from the shadows beyond the fireplace, a sepulchral voice commanded: "Write!"

Bond's amazed assistant grabbed a pencil with shaking fingers and bent over a note pad, ready and waiting. And when the disembodied voice next spoke, he wrote:

"Our work went to seventy and two," the voice replied, "but our successors extended it."

Then the voice faded away. Bond and his aide jumped to their feet and looked at each other incredulously. Next day they rushed to the site of the excavations and directed workmen to follow their ghostly guide's instructions.

During succeeding months, the archaeologists and their crew dug

up more and more of the buried chapel. What Bond did not tell his laborers was that he was receiving nightly visitations from an invisible someone who knew, inch by inch, the contours of the lost chapel!

"You must distinguish between the two chapels—the old and the new," the spirit voice advised Bond one night. "Abbot Monington devised one plan. But another—beneath the church—still exists. Find the wall of the choir beneath the altar; then remember that many spans originate between the buttress and a wall."

The workers wondered at the consistent accuracy of Bond's instructions; he seemed to know just where they should dig, how deep and for how long. First, the tops of walls, then the beginnings of arches, began to take shape.

As the séances in the tavern room went on, Bond became aware of differences in the voice with which he had now become familiar. One night it would be deep and sonorous; the next, words pitched on a higher scale reached his ears. Bond finally deduced, after prolonged questioning, that his collaborators were two or three monks, members of the long-defunct Glastonbury chapter of the Benedictine Order.

For three months these weird consultations were held in secret in the archaeologist's quarters. Then one day Bond and his colleagues were standing on a ledge above the excavation when a laborer uttered a surprised cry.

"I think we've found the chapel, sir," the pickman called, stopping to brush dirt from what was obviously the first step of a stairway.

Now working at feverish speed, the crew uncovered, first, a complete stairway. Then fragments of stained glass came to light. Finally, the centuries-old chapel was revealed. Later, tinted arch moldings were exhumed from ancient graves. These also had been predicted by the spirit voices.

When the entire structure of Edgar Chapel was cleared of debris, its contours and treasures confirmed in every detail the ghostly pronouncements dictated during those spine-tingling night sessions.

Discovery of the Edgar Chapel ranks among the top archaeological achievements of the 20th century. But it wasn't until 1921 that Frederick Bligh Bond divulged the secret of his accomplishment and gave solemn credit to the dead Benedictine monks who had guided him to success.

Prologue

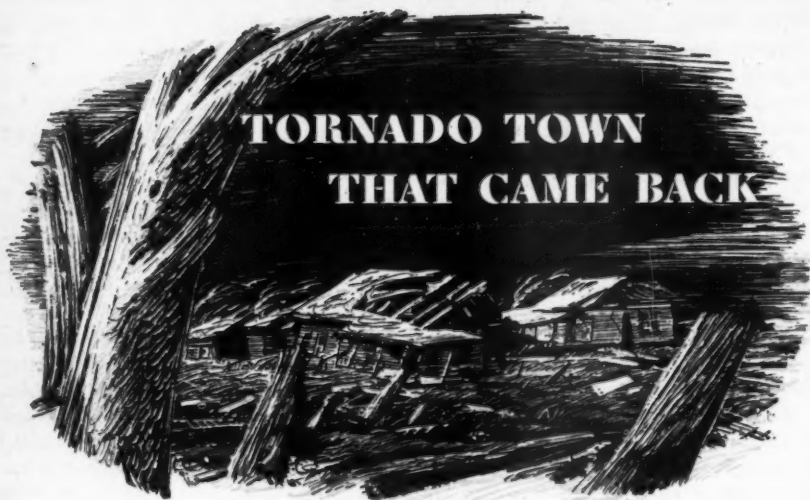


"ARE YOU LISTENING to the radio?" asked the smooth voice on the phone.

"No," snapped the housewife, "I am not listening to the radio."

"Fine," chuckled the voice. "I am next door and will be right over to show you the world's best buy in the 'History of Birds and Beasts' in 22 volumes."

—Christian Science Monitor



TORNADO TOWN THAT CAME BACK

How the courage of its people raised Woodward, Oklahoma, from the ruins of disaster

by CAROL HUGHES

THE DAY HAD BEEN cloudy, but at twilight the sun cast a peculiar red glow along the horizon. Then, just before sundown on this April day in 1947, an awesome lightning display lit the heavens. The wind came up and increased in velocity, mounting higher and higher.

The people of Woodward, Oklahoma, went about their business as usual. Fierce winds and lightning were not new to them—they had experienced severe storms before. By 8 P.M., hundreds of residents had gone out in their cars to places of amusement and to visit neighbors. Others had settled down at home for the evening.

The first hint that something was wrong came when a distant roar arose above the hollow moaning of the wind. At 8:30, Sauce Wassenmiller, owner of a taproom, thought

the storm was pretty rough. He decided to go down to his place of business. He walked over to open his door—and couldn't. The wind held it fast.

It was then that fear struck him. He dashed across the room, threw his wife flat on the floor. "Don't move!" he shouted. "I'll take care of the children." Rushing to the bedroom, he placed his sleeping children on the floor and tried to shield them with his body. "From then on, I just prayed," he says.

In the Oasis, a crowded restaurant, Mrs. D. B. Cullen sat with her five-year-old grandchild. As the building began to tremble, the child said calmly: "It's time to die, isn't it, Grandmother?"

At 8:40 P.M., the howling demon came through town. Then there was the bursting of buildings, the crash-

ing of trees, the crackling of walls, the screaming of people, a terrible tornado roar—and then an awesome silence. As the terrified survivors stirred, no one knew what had happened. Each thought that the whirling twister had struck only the building he occupied.

The streets were in darkness; the broken city was lightless. But not for long. As people began to pick themselves up, a dull red glow appeared in the sky. The Big Seven Hotel was on fire, the Big Seven Electric building was on fire, the Raney Mercantile building was on fire; a dozen smaller places were also burning.

AS THE NIGHT WORE on, horror piled on horror. A torrential rain, intermingled with hail, poured down on the stricken, dazed people. Fathers and mothers began a frantic hunt for their children; neighbor went in search of neighbor. Ambulance sirens began to scream. Water pipes had been broken; shattered glass littered the streets. All wires were down. Automobiles were crumpled and rolled like bits of tinfoil, some with dead passengers still inside.

Next morning, the sun revealed what catastrophe the night had wrought. In six dreadful minutes, a town had been wrecked. Death had claimed 112 people; the toll of injured was 721. One third of all tangible property was gone and every public building had been destroyed or damaged. The town of Woodward with its 7,500 inhabitants seemed doomed.

The night of terror had witnessed epics of courage. Leon Aurell, telephone wire chief, risked his life and

climbed a pole to make a connection that sent the distress signal out across the country. "It was my job," he said.

As much courage was shown by the wet, bedraggled 17-year-old boy who went from door to door throughout the town and asked: "Have you got my dad here?" Finally, at a funeral parlor, he was told his father was there—dead.

All night long the people worked, pulling bodies out of the wreckage, giving first aid to the injured. One father had a heartbreaking choice to make: he looked at his bleeding three-year-old daughter, then at his badly injured wife. He left the child on the floor, wrapped in her blanket, and carried his wife to the emergency center. "I think she is hurt worst," he said.

But even as survivors stumbled about in the dark, trying to aid their trapped and injured neighbors, help was on the way. As soon as the distress call went through, the outside world moved in. By daybreak the Red Cross was there with mobile feeding units. The Salvation Army set up emergency centers. The American Legion, local and state, helped to care for the hundreds of injured.

Nurses were flown in from Kansas and Texas. Bulldozers and other highway equipment came from all over the state to clear the streets. By morning, planes were roaring in and out, carrying the injured to hospitals.

And then an amazing group of workers came by truck to Woodward. They were volunteer workers from Oklahoma, Texas and Kansas, dressed in overalls and ready for any work—free of charge. The

trucks would drive up to a home, a group of strangers would pile out. Then they would set to work pulling nails and storing them, removing shaky walls, cleaning away debris, piling lumber for use later in rebuilding.

The disaster united the town's people as nothing ever had. Almost every family now held its own sorrow—either a member dead or injured, or a home or place of business wrecked. The days that followed in the stricken town will never be forgotten. Rain poured down, followed by snow. Neighbors went out to dig graves, cutting through frozen slush. Catholic funerals were held in Protestant churches. Each day a long procession of slow-moving figures followed the hearses to the cemetery.

Meanwhile, a tent city of 700 people arose, with mothers and children huddled on makeshift cots. People shared food and clothing. Businessmen opened their battered buildings and served customers as a steady rain pelted in through shattered roofs.

At the time of the disaster, the telephone operators had been on strike. Next morning every girl appeared on the job. Came a directive from the National Federation of Telephone Workers: "Do not permit workers to report. If they have done so, pull them off the job."

The workers sent back word: "Girls refuse to stop. Will work as long as needed. Have you seen this place? Would be ashamed of union that would put up pickets in a disaster like this."

The local union then resigned from the national body and stayed out for almost two years. When

praised for their work, they wanted no glory. "This is our town," they said. "What else could we do?"

The amazing spectacle of almost 8,000 men, women and children working doggedly to restore their community caught the imagination of people everywhere. Packages and aid began to flow into Woodward from almost every state in the Union. Clothing piled up on basement floors. The post office within a few weeks received public donations of more than \$400,000. The Red Cross spent well over \$1,000,000, erecting 192 homes for people who could not afford to rebuild.

A local committee headed by George Trego, Herman Salz and Joe Osborne supervised the gigantic task of rehabilitation. Despite the shortage of building materials, the townspeople found themselves almost swamped with supplies. Telegrams arrived from firms all over the country, offering help. Trucks already loaded with orders were diverted to Woodward. Small lumber companies moved in and set up temporary headquarters.

Herman Salz, one of the town's most beloved citizens, says today: "We owe a debt of gratitude we can never repay . . . and we owe it to almost everybody. Take the Amish and Mennonite farmers who came here to help. I am not of their faith, but I am proud of their great Christian hearts. I have never seen people who worked so hard, so untiringly and so patiently."

The tornado is now history in Woodward. A stranger entering the town today is amazed. Everything is new and up-to-date. Along Main Street stand modern stores of tile, glass and concrete. Attractive

homes of brick and frame cover the once-devastated blocks. In every window of the business district, a little placard reads: "See you in church on Sunday."

Faith in Woodward's future is still strong. "Leave this town? Heck, no!" says T. E. Baker, retired businessman. At the time of the disaster, both Mr. and Mrs. Baker, aged 77, were in bed. When the roar awakened them, they got up and started for the door. Suddenly the roof flew off and the walls went down.

Today, the Bakers occupy a new brick home. "I have spent a lot of money on this house," he says. "I intend to use it for a long time."

Ever since the tornado, weather eyes have been cast skyward when lightning plays. But no longer does fear haunt the population. Woodward now has a new way of living.

Almost 65 per cent of the homes have storm cellars. And when storm clouds gather, the people go quietly underground. No one believes that a tornado is going to strike twice in the same place—but then, no one is taking any chances.

Joe Osborne, owner of a local lumber company, says: "We are not looking back over our shoulders. What has happened can't be helped, and now we're out to make Woodward a bigger and better city than ever before."

True, there are but few grim reminders left, yet there are strange scars in some hearts. When a reporter mentioned that there was little visible to recall the tornado, an old-timer said: "Oh yes, there is. Have you noticed that we are sadly lacking in trees? I love trees, and it takes so long to grow one."



Concert Capers

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN, the famed pianist, consistently refuses to sign autographs after a concert. His hands, tired from playing, are his chief concern and he guards them carefully.

Following a recital in Little Rock, Arkansas, recently, he made the announcement that he would sign no autographs. Nevertheless, a crowd of autograph seekers was waiting when he emerged from his dressing room, and a pretty miss of about 12 made the maestro blush with: "I know your fingers are tired, sir. But mine are too—from clapping."

—HAROLD C. YORK



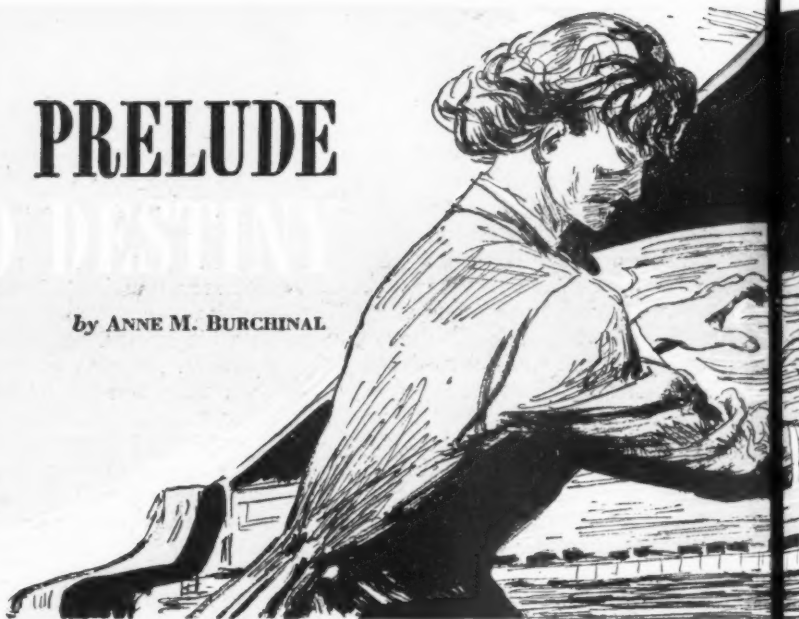
ONE DAY LAST WINTER during a snowstorm, Dorothy Kirsten, the glamour girl of the Met, was singing a concert in York, Pennsylvania. The concert was a success while Dorothy was warbling her brilliant high C's. Suddenly she broke off one, looked toward the roof and turned to the audience.

"Don't worry," she said. "I'll start this aria all over again. But the roof is leaking and my nose was just hit by a drop of water. Frankly it was somewhat startling."

—W. H. KELLY

PRELUDE

by ANNE M. BURCHINAL



IT WAS THE LATE 1890s. The concert hall in the small Midwestern city was scrubbed and polished in gala anticipation of the concert to be given that night by the immortal Ignace Jan Paderewski. As the hour drew near, the hall filled to overflowing with elaborately gowned ladies and their escorts, stiff and proud in high starched collars.

Off to one side in the auditorium, a shy, quiet boy in neat blue serge sat looking up at the gleaming grand piano, dreaming of the music that would soon swell from that splendid instrument. At the boy's side sat his music teacher. From time to time, the man smiled at the youth, realizing what a memorable night this would be for his promising young pupil.

The gaslights dimmed, the audi-

torium suddenly fell hushed. Then a tremendous wave of applause broke the silence as the slight figure of the world's greatest pianist appeared from the wings.

For more than two hours, the boy sat spellbound as flawless melodies soared, now breathlessly, now thunderously, from the stage. At the virtuoso's touch, the great music of the past found a new and inspired beauty.

It seemed only minutes, but suddenly the last brilliant encore was finished. Reluctantly, still lost in the wonderful music, the boy rose to leave. His teacher laid a restraining hand on his arm. There was still one more surprise. By a stroke of good fortune, he had been able to arrange for his young pupil to meet Paderewski.

They went backstage, and the



youth awkwardly shook hands with the musical genius. With the understanding of the truly great, Paderewski put the boy at his ease, and they began to talk of music like old friends.

There was one passage, the youth finally admitted, that had always defeated his most determined efforts. It was from a Minuet that Paderewski himself had composed. How *was* it played? The world-famous pianist smiled.

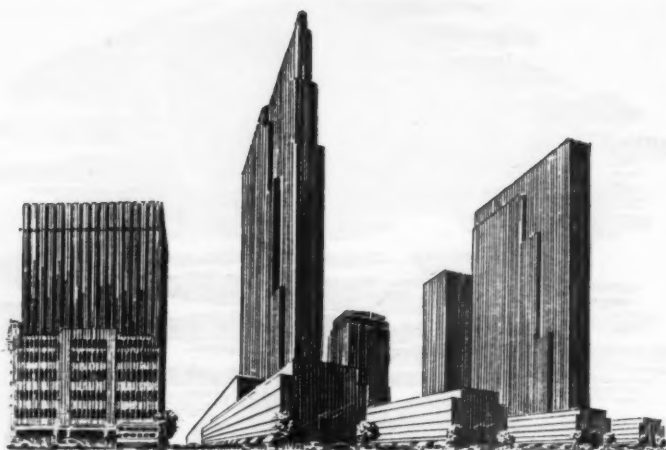
"Come," he told the boy, "and I will show you."

Together they walked onto the empty stage. Beyond, the auditorium was dark and deserted. They sat at the piano, and there Paderewski patiently explained the difficulties of a musical passage to a 14-year-old American boy who loved music.

Biting his lip, the boy earnestly played it back. But even as the notes were forming a melody, the great pianist looked up at the youngster's teacher, and gently shook his head. He seemed to be saying, "The boy has determination and promise—but he will never be an outstanding musician."

As the years passed, Paderewski went on to immortal achievements in music; and before his death, he became the President of Parliament for Poland—his native land. It is unlikely that he ever remembered the boy who played for him that night in 1898, since in those days few people had heard of the town of Independence, Missouri. And fewer still had heard of young Harry Truman, who was also to become a President—the 32nd President of the United States.

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAV REHBERGER



THE ROCKEFELLER STORY

How the Five Sons Make Capitalism Work

by ROBERT SELLMER

YOU COULDN'T BLAME the chauffeur for being worried. The job of shepherding the five potentially wealthiest boys in America to and from school was never a cinch, and when all five dropped from sight within a matter of seconds, it was hard to keep calm. Only the sound of muffled but familiar voices kept him from sending in a police alarm—and led him to an open manhole.

Climbing in, he dragged his charges out one by one and, when he got them to school, marched them into the principal's office. Luckily for the boys, they were pupils of Lincoln School, at the time New York City's most progressive.

"How else," asked their ring-leader, "could we find out what a sewer was like?"

This flat question came so close to the whole issue of the school's basic formula that the principal could only clear his throat and dismiss the boys. Thus their instinct for getting to the roots of problems was happily saved from frustration at an early age.

If the chauffeur were around today and tried to round up the five, he would find that while the locale had changed, the instinct had not. His chase would lead from a juvenile court to a Brazilian hog farm to a Harlem slum to a Wyoming reforestation camp to an international conference in Switzerland. John D. III, Nelson, Winthrop, Laurance and David Rockefeller have merely turned their old inquiring spirit into a new channel—a search for a phi-

losophy of philanthropy that will help people to help themselves.

The five brothers (born, in the words of an old family friend, "with a silver sword over their heads"), were saddled at birth with the burden of usefully spending vast sums of money. Furthermore, they were growing up at a time when every part of the system under which the Rockefeller wealth had been accumulated was under attack.

The young Rockefellers don't have to live just with their consciences—they have to walk a path paved with eggshells, knowing that every move they make, especially if concerned with finance or philanthropy, will be used by others either to condemn or to justify the whole structure of capitalism.

Their answer to this dilemma has taken two forms: first, they haven't let it throw them; and second, they have become determined that their actions will help the system justify itself. Basically, they work on the premise that mere philanthropy, unaccompanied by personal study and direct action on the part of the giver, is a shirking of responsibility. On top of this, they stick to the belief that the final goal of philanthropy is the stimulation of self-help.

When the five jumped off from that basic premise, their varying temperaments landed them in a hodgepodge of interests. John D. III, tall, gaunt and retiring, was disturbed even in college days by the pathos of juvenile delinquency. Soon, his gangling figure became familiar in juvenile courts, reformatories and community youth centers; he wrote magazine articles, harangued meetings and worked personally on difficult cases.

Nelson, a stocky, bouncy extrovert, took off on a crusade that landed him, typically, in the midst of wartime Washington. Worried about the sad state of our relations with South America, Nelson carried the credo of personal participation to the length of hammering at officialdom until he was appointed Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs. He turned in a job that even resentful politicians now admit was first class, and has kept at the work on his own by setting up a complex scheme of economic assistance.

Laurance, a mildly sardonic, hawk-nosed young man, majored in philosophy at Princeton and went on to postgraduate work in law. But since one of his father's pet grievances was America's tragic waste of natural resources, Laurance caught the infection and plunged into a personal fight for conservation that is now bearing fruit.

The fourth brother, Winthrop, is best known to the public as the fun-loving Rockefeller. Sociologists know him as a genial, heavy-set citizen who stayed in the Army six months after his discharge was due in order to make a nation-wide study of veterans' problems. They also know that he campaigns for improvements in the New York City educational system, and that his researches into interracial questions keep him traveling from one end of the country to the other.

David, the baby of the family, once took so many postgraduate courses that the family considered sending a relief expedition to get him out of university libraries. Today he implements the Rockefeller urge for improving the world by acting as chairman of the trustees at



John D. III, Winthrop, Laurance, Nelson and David Rockefeller

International House, an organization for foreign graduate students, and by spreading its precepts of co-operation as far as he can reach.

When the five work as a team, which is often, they demonstrate their faith in the self-help creed. Their most promising venture in this direction has been the creation of corporations in South America and Africa, designed to provide local populations with food at low cost and to show, at the same time, enough profit so that local businessmen will set up similar projects.

DURING THEIR YOUTHFUL DAYS, a great many forces were at work on the five Rockefellers. Family training stressed austerity, humility, responsibility. Allowances ran to a quarter a week, and to get more money the boys had to raise vegetables and shine shoes. They also had to account for all expenditures, save ten per cent of their earnings, and give away another ten per cent.

One legendary story gives an idea of how thoroughly John D., Jr., impressed his sons with the fact that money was not to be thrown around. At the family summer home in Seal Harbor, Maine, the five boys shared a weather-beaten rowboat. When friends from neighboring estates wanted to know why Mr.


Rockefeller didn't buy his sons at least an outboard motor, one of the boys (each insists it was one of the others) said wearily, "Who do you think we are, Vanderbilts?"

In college they pursued their careers with varied success. John D. III's and Laurance's Princeton classmates wryly elected them "Most Likely to Succeed"; Nelson was a Phi Beta Kappa at Dartmouth; Winthrop left Yale after his third year; and David took the aforementioned postgraduate courses.

Along the way, the five Rockefellers acquired a diversity of skills that gave them a great advantage over their father and grandfather in disbursing money for public benefit.

"The Rockefellers are the darndest combination you ever saw," an associate said recently. "Each has his finger in so many pies that when any brother wants help or information, he just calls on one of the others, and immediately dozens of invaluable contacts are available."

One of the latest Rockefeller programs is their bold attempt to straighten out the dislocated economies of entire nations—and thus get at the heart of the world's discontent. This project, christened the International Basic Economy Corporation but known affectionately around the office as "Eye-



beck," happens to be Nelson's baby. All the brothers, however, are participating financially, and contributing talents and contacts.

In Brazil, four IBEC-financed corporations are going full blast. One is a hybrid-seed corn outfit which is filling a need for crop improvement. Another is a hog-raising enterprise, devoted to establishing modern scientific methods of hog breeding. Other projects include the building of elevators for bulk handling of grain, and a company which will provide mechanized services for needy farmers at a reasonable fee.

Meanwhile, Venezuelans are watching a company called Caribbean Fisheries, formed to develop commercial fishing. Ice, a fleet of refrigerated boats, trucks to speed fish to the interior, and retail outlets where seafood will be sold at reasonable prices have been made available at small cost to local fishermen.

Caribbean Fisheries has as running mates the Food Production Project, which operates three huge farms demonstrating modern agricultural methods, and the Food Distribution Project, which is developing methods of wholesale and retail distribution for local products.

While these corporations are carefully designed to fill dangerous gaps in the Brazilian and Venezuelan economies, each one will be given just so long to show a profit—and if it does not, it will be dropped.

THE EXTENT OF Rockefeller investment in such enterprises as IBEC stirs natural curiosity as to the amount of money available to the third generation for such activities. Actually, nobody except the five brothers, their father, a handful of

close-mouthed lawyers and a few Internal Revenue officials have even the faintest idea. It can safely be said, however, that the five command sufficient resources to effect far-reaching world changes if their philanthropy lives up to only a fraction of what it portends.

The money the brothers have put into IBEC and similar ventures is their own, and has no connection with the famous funds and foundations bearing the Rockefeller name. To help co-ordinate efforts, they have created two institutions of their own. One, the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, Inc., is staffed by professionals who screen donation requests and distribute funds to standard charities. The second, confusingly named Rockefeller Brothers, Inc., permits the five to share jointly in making investments that fit their scheme of social dividends.

John, at 43 the eldest, is chief inheritor of the family tradition, gravity, and philanthropic commitments. A list of his directorships and trusteeships looks like a summary of the combined charitable activities of father and grandfather. In addition to combating juvenile delinquency and participating in the brothers' joint ventures, he is active in a firm called Industrial Relations Counselors, Inc., which publishes studies on labor relations.

While in college he spent a vacation in Geneva, working for the League of Nations, and has traveled extensively in the Far East for the Rockefeller Foundation. Married and the father of three children, he leads a settled life these days, shuttling between New York and a country home on Long Island.

Nelson, a young and stocky 41, is

credited by veteran Standard Oil hands with 'being his grandfather's boy. If enthusiasm, drive, shrewd organizing powers and a cheerful willingness to confess mistakes are any criteria, the Standard Oil hands are right. He married a few days after graduation from Dartmouth, fathered the first fourth-generation Rockefeller and the only set of Rockefeller twins, and confused his five children thoroughly by giving each the middle name of Clark—their mother's maiden name. During the Thirties, Nelson made several trips to South America, and soon realized that the challenge of cementing international relations was more exciting than renting office space. When Franklin Roosevelt named him Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs, Nelson sent American experts to South America to increase the output of strategic materials, and concurrently to improve health, sanitation, food production and communications.

Laurance, like John III, invests time and money in humanity's future in two ways. The first is represented by his fanatic interest in conservation; the second by an absorption in aviation. Married and the father of four children, Laurance served in the Navy during the war, finding his way, naturally enough, to the Bureau of Aeronautics. Like John, he is busy enough not to have to seek out hobbies.

Winthrop, a balding 37, shattered family precedent when he volunteered as an Army private in 1941. He earned a commission, then

was wounded off Okinawa. His latest break with tradition occurred when he became the only Rockefeller to take a wife who did not come from the social purlieus of New York, Boston or Philadelphia.

When not engaged in matters of educational reform, Winthrop works on the production staff of Socony-Vacuum Oil Company—the sole remaining member of the Royal Family of Petroleum to play an active role in the oil business.

David, now 34, is the most studious of the brothers. After his extended postgraduate work, he became one of 60 unpaid "interns" who worked in New York City Departments, learning civic administration. Then, he took his life in his hands by serving as secretary to Manhattan's late, dynamic Mayor La Guardia. When war broke out, he won a commission in the Engineers, spent two years in North Africa and France, and after the fall of Germany served as assistant military attaché in Paris. When the time came to select a business direction for his life, David chose an organization called the Laboratory of Electronics, because he felt that its combination of scientific daring and commercial incentive held the soundest promise of future benefits for the mass of mankind.

The evolution of the Rockefeller philosophy dates back to 1855, when John D., Sr., recorded in a ledger: "To foreign mission, 10 cents; to the Mite Society, 50 cents; to the Five Points Mission, 12 cents." For despite the legend that John D., Sr.



was turned into a benevolent philanthropist by a public-relations wizard named Ivy Lee, Rockefeller practiced giving all his life.

John D., Jr., deserted his father's theories of philanthropy to work out new ones based on the circumstances of his times. Believing that the future was too uncertain for long-range projects, he preferred short-term ventures, such as the improvement of National Parks, and reconstruction projects like Williamsburg and the Louvain Library.

Today, he seems unperturbed by the fact that his five sons have set up a philosophy of their own—one which holds that if the future looks uncertain, the best move is to do something about it.

From the Mite Society's 50 cents

to IBEC's \$8,000,000 has been a long haul, but the five brothers have proved more than equal to the task. All that they have accomplished up to now is practice for the job ahead—to eliminate social and economic dislocations by attacking them at the basic levels of human existence. And they are doing this within the framework of free enterprise.

The concept, bold and imaginative, has all the beauty of stark simplicity. The very fact that there still are men who think in such terms is an antidote to the terror and chaos that threaten to enfold the world. Obviously, there is enormous hope still left for a way of life that can produce, in one generation, the five alert brothers who handle the Rockefeller millions today.



Memories of Childhood

If the smile of a child has ever tugged at your heart, then you will cherish the 32-page album of children's pictures which appears in next month's issue of *Coronet*. Page after page of enchanting photographs will bring back precious memories of a childhood you have watched over—or the golden recollections of your own early years.

Make sure you won't miss this delightful feature in the April *Coronet*—as well as a host of other stirring and exciting features scheduled for the coming

months—by entering your subscription to *Coronet* today. Twelve times a year you will enjoy the pleasure of having *Coronet* delivered to your home.

Subscription rates are \$3 for one year, \$5 for two years, \$7 for three years. If you wish, you need not send any money with your order. We will bill you later.

For your convenience, use the order card found elsewhere in this issue to send your name and address to *Coronet*, *Coronet* Building, Chicago 1, Illinois. Why not fill it out now?



FIFTY PLUS — AND FLYING HIGH

by FRANC SHOR

Some of America's crack air-line pilots are well past the half-century mark

CAPT. HARRY SMITH likes to talk with the passengers on his air liner. A couple of days after Christmas, with the big Capital Airlines DC-4 well on its way from Chicago to Washington, he sauntered back into the cabin and relaxed in a seat next to a middle-aged woman. "This has been a lucky holiday season for me," he said. "I was home for Christmas, and tonight I'll be in for my birthday dinner. Bet Mary will have fried chicken, too!"

The passenger smiled at the slender, clear-skinned pilot. "Birthdays are all right for you," she laughed, "but I've stopped counting mine. Which one are you celebrating?"

"My 57th," said Smith. Then he

saw the look of disbelief on the passenger's face. "Oh, it's true," he said. "I've been flying for more than 30 years!"

A few minutes after Smith returned to the pilot's compartment, his handsome young copilot walked through the cabin. The unbelieving lady beckoned to him.

"The captain just told me he was 57 years old," she said. "Wasn't he just teasing me?"

"No," smiled Harry Smith, Jr. "Dad wasn't teasing you. Today is his 57th birthday."

Capital's flying father-and-son team is unusual, but it is by no means unique. A dozen fathers flying for the country's leading air

lines have sons flying for the same companies.

And the elder Smith is not the oldest man flying America's crack air liners. Nearly a hundred of the finest pilots on major lines are 50 or more years old—men who were born before Orville Wright flew at Kitty Hawk.

Such veterans as American Airlines' 59-year-old Bill Proctor; Pan American's "Shorty" Clark and Jack Tilton, 59 and 57; United Air Lines' "Ham" Lee, 57; and Eastern's famous Dick Merrill, who is 56, are generally regarded by other pilots as the best men in the air.

They and their senior colleagues pass the same rigid physical examinations and flight tests as the younger pilots, asking no concessions and receiving none. And their average of 30 years' flying, with 3,000,000 miles in the air, gives them a backlog of experience and skill which the air lines regard as one of their greatest assets.

Dr. Ross A. McFarland of the Harvard School of Public Health, regarded as the outstanding research man in the field of aviation medicine, finds that some older men are just as well qualified physically as their younger copilots. "The important variable to consider," Dr. McFarland writes in *Human Factors in Airline Operations*, "is not chronological but rather functional age—the ability to perform required duties efficiently and safely."

McFarland's studies have been concerned chiefly with civilian pilots, but World War II offered additional proof that older men could handle the hottest of combat planes. Take Lt. Gen. John K. Cannon, for example. At 52, as commander of

the Mediterranean Tactical Allied Air Force, he led his men on numerous combat operations, and during the invasion of Sicily he chalked up a record as one of the few men to "ditch" a P-51 successfully.

Scrappy little Maj. Gen. William E. Kepner, at 51, racked up 24 combat missions, ten of them in fighter planes. And everyone knows that Jimmy Doolittle was well beyond the age of consent when he led a group of eager young "red hots" on what was probably the toughest and most dangerous flying job ever attempted.

The simple truth seems to be that many a man of 50 is still as good physically as a youngster, that he has thousands of hours of added experience, and that he is as safe a bet to work at almost any occupation, including flying.

The U.S. Army Air Forces, after exhaustive studies of the available figures on military fliers, came up with the discovery that accidents *due solely to pilot error* show the greatest decline after the age of 40.

These results came as a considerable surprise to the people who conducted the survey—but not to industrial and safety engineers. These experts found out a long time ago that the average man of 50 can perform almost any task with a lot fewer accidents than a man of 25.

DRIVING AN AUTOMOBILE has much in common with flying an airplane. The same skills and the same physical factors come into play. And accident research shows that drivers keep getting better—and safer—up to the age of 60. Boys between 16 and 20, for example, have five times as many accidents as do

drivers between 45 and 50 driving the same number of miles. It isn't until a driver reaches 65 that his accident liability is equal to that of a 25-year-old.

All of which simply confirms the statement of Dr. McFarland, that "changes with age do not necessarily mean a decline in capabilities. Compensation takes place for every deviation, and if certain capabilities diminish, others are enhanced."

Convincing proof of this can certainly be found in the cockpits of our biggest air lines. There is, for example, a 57-year-old citizen of Glendale, California, whose name appears on his mailbox as "E. Hamilton Lee."

His tenants and neighbors know him as a short, stocky, cigar-smoking gentleman who likes to lounge in his shirt sleeves and is inordinately proud of his two grandchildren. To air-line pilots, however, he is "Ham" Lee, top pilot for United Air Lines, who has flown 4,400,000 miles and 28,000 hours in the past 36 years, without losing a letter or scratching a passenger.

Lee learned to fly in 1913, and he's been doing it for a living ever since. He was an Army flying instructor in World War I, and then became one of the first air-mail pilots, flying the inaugural mail flights from Chicago to St. Louis and to Minneapolis. Between mail runs he was a stunt flier, air racer and test pilot. He has spent 22 years as a captain with United Air Lines.

"Scratch his birthday off that chart, and you'd never know he was over 35," said the doctor who gave him his last physical examination.

Pilots who fly with Captain Ham agree that he's as good as any man

in the air. "I didn't know a plane could be handled that well," said a 25-year-old copilot after a rough trip with the old master recently.

Another name to start any veteran flier talking of the good old days is that of Pan American's Basil Rowe. Slender, soft-spoken Rowe, who is now 54, was an 18-year-old youngster watching a barnstorming pilot entertain a county-fair audience when the stunter overshot the field, took off a few treetops and landed in a heap of wreckage in front of the crowd.

Most of the spectators went home with an I-told-you-so attitude, but Rowe pitched in and helped the acrobat repair the battered ship. The grateful pilot taught him to fly, and Rowe has never done anything else for a living.

Rowe barnstormed with his teacher until World War I, which he spent teaching other men to fly. His postwar civilian flying took him across the U. S., Mexico, the West Indies and Central America, and he found time to pick up top money in big national air meets.

In 1927 he organized his own air line in the West Indies, then merged with Pan American, for whom he has been senior pilot for 21 years.

When World War II came along, Rowe helped to blaze a new route across the African continent for the Air Transport Command, flying supplies to the beleaguered Allied armies in the Near East. Already middle-aged, he flew night and day from bases in some of the unhealthiest country in the world, and maintained his perfect safety record.

Not long ago, Capt. Harry Smith, whose age surprised the Capital passenger, dug up the record of the

physical examination he took in 1931, when he joined Capital. He compared it with his new physical balance sheet. There was only one change—a slight deterioration in near-vision, which is easily adjusted with glasses.

The air lines are full of such stories. American Airlines lists five pilots 55 or older, more than a score over 50. United has three flying grandfathers. And uniformly, the older pilots are on the crack runs, flying the biggest planes over the longest distances where thousands of hours of experience will be of the greatest value in terms of passenger safety.

The air lines expect that the average age of its pilots—now a little more than 30—will rise as the industry matures. Aviation executives

say that the relatively small number of men in their fifties now flying commercially is due to the fact that few air lines have been in operation for more than 20 years. Fifteen years from now, the average age of captains is expected to be well over 40.

The retirement programs set up by the major companies give a pretty good indication of how they feel about senior pilots. All nine of the major lines which have established pension plans have chosen 60 as the age at which a man should give up active piloting.

Dr. McFarland thinks this may be a little high. He recommends 55 as a possible top figure for active pilots, but makes it clear that "age is to a large extent a matter of individual difference."

"Thanks Three Million . . ."

"I'D LIKE TO SAY thanks three million for the wonderful opportunity to meet my neighbors and make money in my leisure time," writes Mrs. Math King Williams of Philadelphia, one of many Coronet representatives who've sounded the trumpet for us since joining our sales force.

By becoming a Coronet agent, you too have an opportunity to turn spare time into extra money. In doing so, you also become the personal friend of everyone in your community. News travels fast and when it becomes known that you are the local agent for all leading magazines, you will find your friends and neighbors

calling on you to handle their new and renewal subscriptions.

So why not become the Coronet representative in your community? You'll have an opportunity not only to sell Coronet but all the popular magazines published in America. In addition—you will benefit from the many excellent services rendered by the Coronet Agency.

To start on your way with a Super Sales Kit, pick up your pen right now and send your name and address, enclosing 25 cents to cover handling, to Coronet Agency Division, Department 235, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois.



She Supplies Those Radio Prizes

by ZETA ROTHSCILD

A clever young New Yorker with a novel idea has built a flourishing business on the popularity of give-away programs

HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED how radio directors collect those thousands of prizes which they bestow so generously on lucky winners of quiz programs?

Rose Magdalany, a slim young brunette, can tell you all the details. This clever New Yorker went into the business of providing prizes to radio stations some three years ago. In 1949, she supplied more than 150 stations and ten television stations throughout the country with prizes collected from nearly 200 manufacturers and valued at well over \$1,500,000.

It all began this way. For eight years, Rose had held a variety of advertising jobs. However, like many other ambitious young peo-

ple, she longed for a business of her own. But how, when and where? Suddenly came the inspiration.

From her experience as assistant to a radio producer, she knew the drawn-out negotiations involved in collecting prizes for quiz programs. Directors of radio stations had to contact dozens of manufacturers every week, while the manufacturers in turn had to answer the inquiries. If she could make it easier for directors and manufacturers to get together without a wholesale exchange of letters, she might have that business of her own.

Rose knew how manufacturers supplied samples of merchandise to a jobber, who then sent salesmen to buyers in cities throughout the country. Thus the manufacturer reduced his overhead, while the buyer enjoyed a variety of samples from which to choose at one show-

ing. Why shouldn't she become a radio-prize jobber?

No one knew better than she what a gamble she was taking. It meant losing a weekly pay check; it meant using up her savings. But Rose Magdalany handed in her resignation, rented desk room for \$25 a month in a New York office and christened her new enterprise Prizes, Incorporated. Then she began writing to radio directors and manufacturers, outlining the benefits of her service.

All the radio director had to do was send her a description of his program and station—so the manufacturers' interests would be protected—and tell her the type of prizes he preferred. She would then assemble them for him.

As for the manufacturers, Rose reminded them of the volume of mail they received from radio directors. She would take over this correspondence and relieve them of subsequent negotiations. Also, instead of sending merchandise to each station, they need make only one shipment—to her warehouse. She would take care of distribution.

Returns from those first letters were disappointing. Manufacturers were reluctant to provide her with goods. Could they rely on her saying so that their products would be distributed and that the compensating promotional "plugs" would be delivered over the air?

Radio directors also questioned her ability to live up to her claims. Could they depend on a wide variety of prizes? Also, could she guarantee the arrival of prizes in time for the programs on which they were to be awarded?

In follow-up letters, Rose Mag-

dalany continued to expound the advantages of her plan. For 12 hours a day, she pounded her typewriter while her savings slowly evaporated. Then at last a director decided to take a chance. About the same time, a couple of manufacturers also decided to give Prizes, Inc., a tryout.

Overhead, rent, stationery and shipping expenses ate up those first checks. Rose was still putting in a 12-hour day. Her only helper was her father, who repacked the cartons of prizes for shipment to radio directors. Nevertheless, Prizes, Inc., continued to grow, and at the end of six months Rose had ten stations as clients with 12 manufacturers supplying prizes. At the end of the first year, returns had skyrocketed: income was \$11,000! And Prizes, Inc., had larger offices in a mid-Manhattan building.

The more service Rose Magdalany offered, the more appreciative her clients became. So she offered to take on extra jobs for them.

"How about getting us a photograph showing the prettiest girl in the audience wearing our belt and pocketbook combination?" one manufacturer asked. It could be arranged, answered Rose.

Then a dog-food manufacturer decided to give away a spaniel puppy on 25 programs in as many cities. It took some planning, but Rose finally got in touch with a kennel close to each chosen station and arranged for the purchase of a honey-colored puppy and its delivery to the studio shortly before the program went on the air.

Today, most of the manufacturers on her books are adding more stations for distribution of

products. Meanwhile, radio directors under contract are getting monthly lists of prizes shipped to them. A recent list allots one director 30 items, ranging in retail cost from \$1 to \$120.

Prizes are carefully chosen by radio directors, for they aim to give articles that they know will please audiences. Housewives whose budgets have been hit by high living costs welcome items like nylon stockings, gloves, slips, blouses, toilet accessories, cosmetics and perfumes. Gifts for the house are also pleasing. Ruffled curtains, steam-electric irons, a spring and mattress, are greeted with "ohs" and "ahs" of delight. De luxe prizes for special occasions include a complete set of china for women and a combination gift of slacks, ties, socks and bathrobe for the lucky masculine contestant.

The radio director may order as many prizes as his program warrants, at 15 per cent of the retail value. And the manufacturers, who supply the prizes free, may make shipments monthly to Prizes, Inc., or in bulk for three months. After blocking out his program for 12 months, one manufacturer recently sent along \$35,000 worth of manicure sets and beauty kits.

The growth of Prizes, Inc., continues at a phenomenal rate. The

correspondence which Rose Magdalany handled alone three years ago is now taken care of by five girls. Don Barry, national director of Prizes, Inc., and two assistants contact manufacturers. And to store the steady flow of prizes, Rose has rented a floor in a warehouse over which three shipping clerks and a foreman preside.

Looking into the future, Rose sees an unlimited horizon before Prizes, Inc. Currently, there are more than 1,800 radio stations in the country, most of them with one or more give-away programs. And now another prospect has opened up. Recently, phone calls have been coming in from more television studios. When they start their prize-giving programs, would Prizes, Inc., supply the awards?

Looking back over her own successful career, Rose Magdalany has a few words of advice for other ambitious young people. "There are plenty of opportunities for starting a new business as good as prize-jobbing," she says, "but they are overlooked because of the wrong attitude. First, you must think of what you can do to make things easier for the person to whom you want to sell your services. In other words, if you start by helping the client, then you are sure to help yourself!"

Juke-box Hallelujah

FUGITIVES from juke-box bebop and ballads find solace at Otto Katt's restaurant in Grand Rapids, Mich. For a nickel and a push at a



button they can hear hymns. Katt added them to his juke-box's repertoire after more than 500 customers had petitioned for the change. —Grit

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Are You a

Vocabulary

Trainer?

Many persons have excellent vocabularies, but few can command the proper word at the right moment.

This quiz makes you a vocabulary ringmaster. You have exactly *four minutes* to summon a word, starting with the letter *D*, which is substantially *opposite* in meaning to each of the key words offered.

Twenty or more obvious and possible answers in four minutes rate you as a dazzling performer; 12 to 15 will keep your audience happy; under 12, you need more training. Answers are on page 164.

- | | | | |
|---------------|----------------------|----------------|----------------------|
| 1. safety | D. _____ | 13. solemn | D. _____ |
| 2. light | D. <u>dark</u> | 14. honest | D. <u>dishonest</u> |
| 3. credit | D. <u>debit</u> | 15. wealthy | D. <u>poor</u> |
| 4. to climb | D. <u>descend</u> | 16. to hurry | D. <u>delay</u> |
| 5. shallow | D. <u>deep</u> | 17. happy | D. <u>despondent</u> |
| 6. accidental | D. <u>deliberate</u> | 18. harsh | D. _____ |
| 7. similarity | D. <u>dislike</u> | 19. to urge | D. _____ |
| 8. sober | D. <u>drunk</u> | 20. sane | D. <u>deranged</u> |
| 9. to dry | D. <u>dampen</u> | 21. excess | D. _____ |
| 10. to give | D. <u>demand</u> | 22. harmonious | D. _____ |
| 11. static | D. _____ | 23. to bless | D. <u>damn</u> |
| 12. sharp | D. <u>dull</u> | 24. strong | D. <u>cadent</u> |



The Case of the Murdered Tourists

by WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

After 15 years, the mysterious slaying of two middle-aged couples is still unsolved

ON SUNDAY, May 19, 1935, two middle-aged couples left East St. Louis, Illinois, on a leisurely motor trip to the West Coast. They were Mr. and Mrs. George M. Lorius of East St. Louis, and their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Albert A. Heberer of DuQuoin, Illinois.

Lorius was a coal dealer; Heberer owned a barbershop. Both men were Masons, members of civic clubs, respected citizens. Neither

had a known enemy. They were sober people, all about fifty. They had taken previous vacations together; they never drove after dark; they never picked up hitchhikers; they stopped in hotels. They were not wealthy people, just reasonably prosperous.

They had perhaps \$250 in cash among them. Lorius had \$400 in traveler's checks; Heberer \$100. Lorius wore a diamond ring and a

Shriner's pin worth about \$500; Mrs. Lorius wore a diamond ring of about the same value.

On the first day, traveling in the Lorius' 1929 Nash sedan, they covered 352 miles and stopped at Miami, Oklahoma. Next day, Monday, they drove 360 miles along Highway 66 and stopped at Sayre, Oklahoma. At both places they mailed post cards.

On Tuesday, they drove through Amarillo, Texas, then veered south on Highway 60 and spent the night at a small hotel in East Vaughn, New Mexico. In the morning, they headed for Albuquerque. According to a card mailed by Mrs. Heberer, they arrived there before noon Wednesday. That was the last word received from the party.

Apparently the four lunched in Albuquerque, then proceeded toward Boulder Dam. At their customary rate they would have driven either about 260 miles before dark and reached Holbrook, Arizona, on 66, or, if they returned to Highway 60, they would have driven 235 miles to Springerville, Arizona.

Six days later, the Lorius car was picked up by police in Dallas, Texas, and an investigation was begun. The investigation was in two parts: first, to find the man who had driven the car to Dallas; and second, to find the Lorius party or their bodies.

THE STORY of the car was pieced together by FBI agents who drove it from Dallas back to New Mexico and questioned hundreds of filling-station and hotel operators. The car was seen in Albuquerque—in possession of the Lorius party—near noon on Wed-

nesday, May 22. Around 6 A.M. next morning, it was seen turned on its side in the road 6.7 miles below Socorro, a town 75 miles south of Albuquerque.

As passers-by gathered to right the car, they had plenty of time to observe the nervous, thin-faced young man who said that he had dozed and run off the highway. He was between 18 and 23 years old, about five feet nine inches tall, weighed about 135 pounds. He had long, medium-brown hair; his eyes were brown or hazel; his face peaked, with pointed nose. There was a small scar on his left cheek, and his left arm was heavily tattooed.

He wore a blue shirt, gray trousers and gray vest, and his clothes were much too big for him. Apparently he was wearing the garments of Lorius or Heberer, both of whom were big men.

After passers-by righted the car, it was towed to a filling station in Socorro. There the car was serviced, and the nervous young man drove off toward El Paso, on Highway 85. Everyone suspected something was wrong, but no one notified police.

About 11 A.M., the young man plowed into a bank as he rounded a curve 40 miles south of Socorro, near Scotty's filling station. Two women, a Mrs. Burris and her daughter, Mrs. Cole, went out to help, and they noticed that the nervous young man didn't know where his tools were. The two women flagged a truck which pushed the Nash back onto the road, and the driver sped off without thanks. Although the women suspected he was driving a stolen car, they had no phone to notify police.

Around 6 P.M., the young man

registered at a rooming house in El Paso as James Sullivan, East St. Louis, signing with a fountain pen containing green ink similar to that Lorius had used to write post cards. He insisted on a key not only to his room but also to the closet. He had an unusual amount of baggage, and all night a girl in the next room heard him pacing the floor and tearing paper.

Next morning, "Sullivan" couldn't start the Nash, but two policemen in a prowler car pushed him to a garage. A mechanic put on a new fan belt and "Sullivan" paid with a \$10 traveler's check, signed "George M. Lorius."

Later that morning, at Fort Hancock, Texas, the young man bought a cap, gas and candy at the Gateway Camp. Customs Inspector Bill Massey stopped him for questioning. The young man said he was George M. Lorius of East St. Louis, and he produced Lorius' Shriner credentials to prove it. He explained his nervousness by saying he had been drunk in Juarez the night before. Massey looked at him carefully, decided to arrest him, but then, on impulse, waved him on.

For that impulse, Inspector Massey has done 15 years' penance. He has been reminded a hundred times that men don't usually become Shriners until middle age; that tattooed Shriners are rare. He views an average of 20 suspects a year, hoping to recognize his man again.

Between El Paso and Dallas, the young man the FBI calls "the unknown suspect alias Sullivan" forged 23 Lorius checks at filling stations. At Trent, Texas, a gas attendant crossed the street and showed one of the checks to a bank

cashier while the forger waited. The cashier said it was an obvious forgery; the two discussed having the driver arrested; but they decided the local constable wouldn't arrest a man without a warrant.

So the operator refused to cash the check. Whereupon Sullivan paid in cash from a large roll and went his way.

In Dallas, the 26th, the young man bent a fender on a car owned by a department-store manager. He paid the estimated \$5 damage with a \$20 Lorius check, the manager returning \$15 in change.

That afternoon the young man had the car washed, then abandoned it. The FBI could find no fingerprints, no bloodstains, no bullet holes. But when the car left East St. Louis, it had seat covers. Now the covers were missing.

The speedometer, too, contained a clue. Lorius had had the oil changed the day before he left home, and the mileage had been recorded by the garage at East St. Louis. Allowing for the Lorius driving, the speedometer showed 250 miles unaccounted for.

FBI agents reasoned that this 250 miles must have been traveled in the 18 hours between the time the Lorius party probably left Albuquerque and the time the car was discovered near Socorro. This seemed to indicate that Lorius had driven about 125 miles westward from Highway 85, along either Highway 66 or 60. Then the car had changed hands, and the young man had driven it 125 miles back and onto Highway 85, at either Socorro or Los Lunas.

The search for the bodies was proceeding in routine manner until

the Governor of Illinois offered a reward and implied that New Mexico was not safe for tourists. Aroused, New Mexico's Governor Clyde Tingley called out his National Guard, doubled the Illinois reward, and assumed personal direction of the search. On June 20, at East Vaughn, he assembled the largest posse ever seen in the Southwest.

Tingley held to the hitchhiker theory, insisting the Lorus party had relaxed their rule and that somewhere along the road the nervous young man had managed to kill them all.

If this theory were true, then obviously the bodies had to be within a short distance of some road. The young man weighed only 135 pounds; Heberer weighed more than 200. Even if the hitchhiker could somehow kill four adults, he couldn't carry the bodies far. Therefore, the way to find the victims was to start at East Vaughn and search a strip 200 yards wide along every possible road.

National Guardsmen began this task, and trudged across endless mesas. They seined the Rio Grande River near several bridges. Then, because Lorus had sold coal, someone suggested that the party might have been lured to a deserted mine shaft. So every known shaft in New Mexico was searched.

It was also thought that perhaps the only way one man could kill four adults would be to shove them en masse off a bluff. So planes explored every bluff area daily, watching for vultures. But no bodies were found.

On June 29, there were two important developments. The big posse reached Quemado, 108 miles

west of Socorro on Highway 60; 52 miles east of Springerville, Arizona.

When a State Police officer drove the Lorus car into Grandma Baca's Filling Station in Quemado, the operator, Richard Brice, identified it as a car he had serviced about a month earlier. Brice gave an accurate description of the party and said he had directed them to a hotel in Springerville.

Then young Brice remembered he had noticed a bolt missing from the Nash's baggage rack. The driver had examined the rack and decided to wait until he got to Springerville for repairs. The officer went to the rack and found the bolt still missing.

The posse took heart at this information, and expected to find the bodies next day. At midnight, however, the posse was on the way back to Albuquerque; for near that city, an even more startling discovery had been made.

Three miles east of Albuquerque, a cowboy had found the charred remnants of a thermos bottle, two suitcase frames, a mechanical pencil, a medicine bottle. The blackened label on the medicine bottle was identified by a doctor in DuQuoin, Illinois, as cold medicine he had given the Heberers.

Tingley took this find to be positive proof that the party had been murdered on Highway 66, east of Albuquerque. "Today we have found the baggage—tomorrow we'll find the bodies!" he told the press.

During the next three days, the mesa between Albuquerque and the Sandia Mountains resembled a military maneuver area. Troopers rode at ten-yard intervals, scanning the ground for a grave and watching the sky for vultures. They

combed a strip 15 miles wide and 20 miles long. For hundreds of yards around the spot where the baggage had been burned, infantrymen—many of them Apache and Navajo Indians—crawled on hands and knees. But they found nothing.

Then Governor Tingley gave up. He dismissed his foot- and saddlesore men and announced that the fate of the Lorus party would have to be another of the great unsolved mysteries of the West.

SIX YEARS LATER, in 1941, the FBI assigned a veteran agent, A. Raymond Gere, to the case. Gere knew the West and had been with the FBI since 1917. Retired in 1946, he lives in Santa Fe and continues work on the case as a hobby.

When Gere began work, he dismissed the hitchhiker theory. Four large adults and their baggage filled the car. The party, he insisted, were murdered by a man—or men—who came upon them in another automobile.

By analyzing the baggage remnants, Officer H. C. Martin of the New Mexico State Police had ascertained that the ashes had never been rained on. But a heavy rain had fallen at that spot on June 19. Therefore, the baggage had not been burned until three weeks after the Lorus car had been abandoned.

This indicated that the baggage burning was not the work of the young man who had driven the car to Dallas. He hadn't risked returning to Albuquerque just to burn suitcases and bottles. The baggage had been burned by an accomplice only after the case got hot.

Where were Heberer's traveler's checks? The diamond rings? Lorus'

wrist watch? And only about half the baggage had been burned. Obviously, there had been a division of loot.

Next, Gere went back to pick up the Quemado lead, but since Tingley had dismissed the Quemado evidence, no record had been kept of the location of the filling station or of the name of Richard Brice. It took Gere a year to ascertain Brice's identity and locate him in Arkansas.

But even after eight years, Brice and his wife impressed the FBI agents with detailed statements. Brice easily picked the picture of Lorus from a handful of photographs. The Brice testimony convinced Gere and his assistants that the Lorus party had indeed reached Quemado, and had expected to reach Springerville before dark.

Gere studied the desolate and seldom-traveled terrain between Quemado and Springerville. The Lorus speedometer showed that the car probably was not driven more than 125 miles west of Socorro. Quemado was 108 miles west. Therefore, he believed the murder had been done within 17 miles of Quemado. In this area he found numerous gullies in which bodies could have been covered by two men working with nothing more than tire tools.

Then he began to reconstruct the crime—and this is the reconstruction on which the FBI bases its continuing investigation. The Lorus car reached the most likely area about 6:00 P.M. For some reason the car was stopped; perhaps it was overheating, for it needed a new fan belt next day. Another car, traveling east, approached.

The two thugs stopped, pretend-

ing to offer help. They took a look at the well-dressed party, perhaps saw the rings and baggage, then made a decision conveyed to each other by a wink. Lorius and Heberer were outside the car, the two women inside. The thugs began shooting the men. The women, hysterical, leapt from the car, and the thugs ran them down and killed them.

Then, perhaps under cover of darkness, the thugs began the grisly business of stripping the bodies, carrying them off the road and burying them in gullies. Sometime before midnight the murderers completed their work, divided their loot, and proceeded east in separate cars. At Socorro, one went north toward Albuquerque, the other went south and turned the Lorius car over on the road before 6 A.M.

This reconstruction is consistent with all the known facts, and answers nearly all the questions. The big posse did not find the bodies because, ironically, the finding of the burned baggage stopped it only a few miles short of the most

probable scene of the crime. Gere believes that a search between Quemado and Springerville on June 30, 1935, would have unearthed the bodies, as newly disturbed soil would have been evident. Now, after 15 years, the finding of the skeletons depends on the chance unearthing of a human bone by an animal or a flash flood. If the bones could be found, they might contain bullets to help identify the murderers.

Each year, Gere reminds his friends in the FBI and other law-enforcement agencies that the thin-faced young "suspect alias Sullivan" is a year older but that he probably still has the tattoos on his left arm and the scar under his left eye. He undoubtedly is a confirmed criminal; a brutal crime like this isn't committed by a one-timer, Gere reasons. Already more than 300 suspects have been questioned and cleared, and a score are now under investigation.

The murderer is now perhaps 35 years old, but unless he is dead (he could have been killed in the war) the FBI expects to get him.



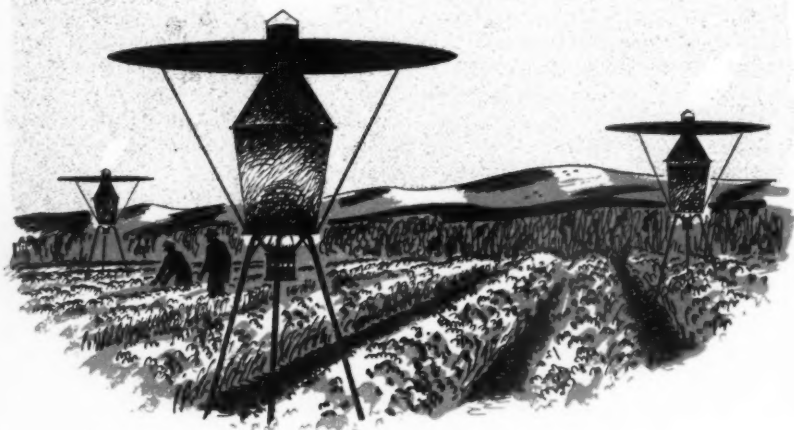
Various Views on Video

Television programs are being criticized chiefly, we understand, by cinema patrons who fear that unless the standard of home viewing is improved baby-sitters will become unobtainable. —Punch

Television is twice as frustrating as radio—there you can see all the prizes you don't win. —DON LUFTIG

Television is the kind of radio which lets people at home see what the studio audience is not laughing at. —FRED ALLEN

KILLING JACK FROST WITH HEAT BULLETS



by NORMAN and MADELYN CARLISLE

On hundreds of farms, "Big Red" stands guard against a ruthless destroyer of crops

IF YOU ARE DRIVING through farm country and happen to see a weird, three-legged metallic monster in a field, don't get excited. It is not a man from Mars, but an amazing scientific development that is writing a new chapter in man's war against weather.

This strange machine is standing guard against a white killer that last year cost Americans \$300,000,000. It fights off frost by hurling bullets of heat into plants that would otherwise die. Its magic is going to mean better and cheaper food on your table.

"Frostguard" is the official name of this device. However, farmers who have seen its miraculous success in the battle with cold call it "Big Red, the frost-fighter," a nickname earned by its appearance at night when it glows a cheery red. On thousands of farms, that glow is a welcome sight because it means the beginning of an agricultural revolution. At last, farmers have a way to lengthen growing seasons and stop the lurking menace that in a single night can drive a grower into bankruptcy.

Oddly enough, the story of Big

Red is tied up with the fact that milk is irradiated with Vitamin D. If Arthur Farrall, an engineer who had much to do with the apparatus that puts Vitamin D into milk, hadn't worked on that project, he might never have developed the Frostguard.

The story begins in 1945 when Farrall turned up at Michigan State College in Lansing. After years in private industry, developing complicated apparatus used by dairies, he was tackling a new kind of job as head of the Agricultural Engineering Department.

One day soon after his arrival, a farm expert said: "Why don't you do something about frost?"

"You mean fight frost?" Farrall asked. "In Michigan?"

"Sure," the expert said. "They fight it in California and Florida. Why not here? You ought to be able to invent something."

Now, there is no more ruthless killer of crops than frost. In some years, it has wiped out food products worth \$500,000,000. And yet to Farrall, one fact seemed bitterly ironic. Frost is the most predictable of all destructive weather phenomena. For example, consider the record of Florida meteorologists. In a two-year period they made 12,312 forecasts about frost; 95.3 per cent of the time, the temperature turned out to be *exactly* what the forecaster said it would be!

However, citrus growers of Florida and California had no sure-fire device to keep frost from killing their fruit. Oil burners, kerosene logs, and similar weapons did not always ward off disaster. Farrall decided he had to find a way to fight frost more successfully.

Although there were no special funds for such a project, he enlisted the aid of F. J. Hassler, an enthusiastic young instructor, and C. M. Hansen, an assistant professor. Together they plunged into battle with an enemy as old as agriculture.

Thousands of years ago, the Romans set slaves to building giant bonfires around fields and orchards. In our own country, citrus growers half a century ago fought frost with bonfires. But they thought it was the smoke that saved their crops, and did everything they could to send up great black columns.

Farrall and his researchers had the advantage of knowledge acquired since those early days. In citrus groves, where thousands of heaters blazed through frosty nights, there was little smoke. Yet, when the cold was not too severe, these smokeless heaters did the trick.

To say "frost kills" is simply to use a figure of speech. Frost is only an outer symptom. What kills the plants is the freezing of the moisture in stems, leaves and fruit. Hence, Farrall calculated that plain, ordinary heat was needed to keep the plants from losing so much of their own heat that they froze.

He got a real jolt when his researchers found the answer to the question, "How much heat?" They took measurements of heat loss in fields on cold nights and came up with astonishing figures. On a night when the temperature dropped to the high twenties, a single acre of land could lose one million British thermal units of heat in a single hour! How could Farrall hope to find a device that would even begin to put that much heat back?

There was an old belief that if

you kept plants wet during a freeze, you could protect them from frost. Perhaps, Farrall thought, some type of sprayer would work. In a test plot they drenched plants with a fine spray, but when the temperature skidded into the twenties the plants froze.

Well, moving air currents might prevent cold air from settling. So they rigged up a big fan, watched the results eagerly. Again, failure. Next they engaged the services of a helicopter. On a cold spring night, they kept its rotors beating 40 feet above a field while they studied the thermometers. This worked better, but the cost was far more than any farmer could afford. Suddenly Farrall's mind flashed back to his past experience with invisible vibrations. At one time he had worked on a device that sprayed ultraviolet rays into milk to irradiate it with Vitamin D. Could he use the principle of invisible radiation to fight frost? Could he shower a field with bullets of heat?

Infrared rays! There might be the answer!

Infrared has enormous penetrating power. Maybe he could make a machine to fire infrared rays right into the hearts of plants!

Eagerly, Farrall and his colleagues rushed to make a simple test. Although there was no equipment that would provide a great quantity of infrared rays, there were electric heaters that gave off small amounts. From the university

greenhouses the researchers acquired some begonias. These they placed under a rod from which hung a battery of electric heaters.

That night the temperature dropped far below freezing. Yet, prowling around before dawn, Farrall and his men saw that their scheme had worked. The begonias sat there, heads high. Heat bullets had beaten the frost!

Now Farrall knew he had proved the principle, but the big headache was still ahead. You couldn't string electric heaters over a huge field. What they needed was a machine that could make a lot of infrared rays—enough to spray perhaps an acre at a time. But what kind of machine? It had to be cheap to make, cheap to oper-

ate. The engineers decided that whatever it was, it would have to burn oil. So in the shops they tinkered together the first crude version of Big Red. For parts they used an ancient oil burner, a couple of old oil drums and some scrap metal. They mounted the burner below a drumlike cylinder, above which was a bright metal reflector. When the burner was turned on, the cylinder gave off some direct heat, but mostly it produced a steady flow of invisible infrared rays.

On a cold October night in 1946, Farrall and his men placed a batch of greenhouse plants in a 100-foot circle around their first frost-fighter. In the morning, every plant in the magic circle was alive!

Through the spring of 1947, and

NEXT MONTH

Disaster Through Air Power

A shock-provoking book condensation that reveals grave danger in U. S. defense plans.

CORONET'S EASTER FEATURE

The Story of Jesus

Portrayed in a series of magnificent full-color paintings.

into the fall, Farrall and his associates continued their experiments. Their frost-fighter worked, but it gulped 14 gallons of oil an hour—too much to make it pay in the field. Why not make a smaller surface produce more heat? After more experimentation, they found the secret lay in using a stainless-steel drum. But would the smaller burner really do as good a job as the other one? By now it was mid-November, and they gave it a rugged test.

By sundown on November 20, the temperature was 36 and dropping fast. They hustled a collection of plants from the greenhouse and set them in circles around two frost-fighters, one of the old ones and one of the new. At one time during the night, the thermometer read 19 degrees. Yet, when morning came, the plants were alive and green. The smaller frost-fighter—using ten gallons of oil an hour—had worked as well as the big one. Apparently, Big Red was ready to stand on his own three feet!

Could they be sure? The worried engineers got their answer after plans were turned over to a manufacturer who turned out a limited number of test models. Reports poured in from amazed farmers.

In Mt. Clemens, Michigan, a flower grower set out 30,000 carnations a month ahead of the "safe"

period. It was a desperate gamble, for, only the autumn before, he had seen \$25,000 worth of azaleas destroyed on two blackened acres. Frost struck at the carnations—but Big Red was on guard. They came through untouched.

With Frostguards coming from the assembly lines of a Detroit factory, the cost of a machine is down to \$350. With a single machine, capable of protecting as much as an acre under some conditions, farmers are finding they can often pay back that cost several times over in a year.

From all sections of the country, news is coming back to the engineers in Lansing. In California's Imperial Valley, a vast crop of green peppers was saved. In Kensington, Ohio, a strawberry grower who had given up his crop for lost jubilantly called the manufacturer. "I can never thank you enough," he said in a choked voice.

"Biggest thing since the plow!" one farmer cried enthusiastically.

Frostguards now stand in hundreds of fields, ready to hurl their magic bullets against the white killer. Yet Farrall and his colleagues are working diligently to make the machine still more effective. They won't rest until you never again read the heart-breaking headline: "Frost Damage Totals Millions."

Well, Why?

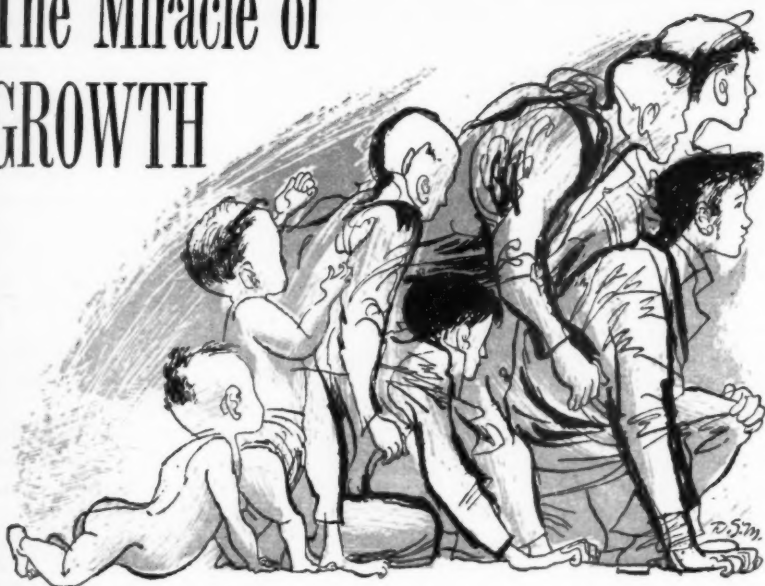
WHY IS IT THAT A WOMAN, who usually wears no more than five pounds of clothing at a time, packs a suitcase with 37 pounds of clothes for a week-end trip?

—Grit

WHY IS IT THAT EVERY other man's job looks easier than our own—and the easier he does it, the easier it looks?

—NATALIE BRETON

The Miracle of GROWTH



by HUBERT A. KENNY

From conception to death, the human body repairs itself with amazing precision

THE SURGEON TIED the final surgical knot after a difficult operation and shrugged off a compliment on his skill.

"Years of training, ingenious tools and skillful hands would all be futile," he remarked thoughtfully, "if it weren't for the magic of the body's growth that rejoins severed parts in a miraculous fabric that no art of man can ever hope to match."

Then, rolling back the years, he spoke of his first schoolboy lesson in the mysterious process of growth: a lobster that had lost a claw in battle was growing a new one, down to the last wart the exact

image of the one that had been lost.

"It's too bad that man can't grow new arms and legs," the surgeon mused. "Except for hair and fingernails, somewhere along the road of evolution we've lost the ability to grow whole new parts. But if you watch the self-repair of patients, you know that human growth is miraculous enough."

Because we see it going on before our eyes for 20 years of every life, we take that miracle for granted. But miracle it is.

Of all the important parts of the body, the one that grows with terrific speed is the brain. It is as though nature were rushing toward

the production of a super-intelligence, for by the end of the normal baby's first year, his brain is nearly half its total adult size. And by the time he is three, the brain is three-fourths its total adult size.

From birth to his first birthday, the normal baby grows half of his birth length. At two, on the average, he is about half as tall as he will ever be—five times the length of his head from crown to chin. He is six heads high at six, seven heads high at 12, and eight heads high at 20. And there, by the grace of a normal pituitary gland, he stops upward flight for good.

But what is growth? It is the self-repair of your cut finger; the baby's new ability to reach for a rattle and the three-year-old's new prowess in catching a ball. It is the increase in height and weight; the change of proportions; the development of personality and mental and physical abilities.

ALL LIVING MATTER is divided into cells. Too small to see with the naked eye, the cell is a substance like thick gelatin with its various parts enclosed in a wall that is like an even-thicker gelatin. Upon reaching a maximum size that nature by some mysterious process has decided upon, each cell splits into two, the two into four, the four into eight, and so on.

This process starts at conception, and although you "mature" in 20 years, no matter how old you are, you are still growing in a sense as you read these words. And you will grow until you die.

Why does a baby grow so fast? The best the scientist can answer is that all growth is most rapid

at the start of development—when cells and tissues are in the earliest formative stage. To illustrate: if you kept on growing until 20 at the staggering speed of the first prenatal month, your size would have to be measured in billions of miles instead of inches.

Each life starts from a single germ cell that is almost a perfect sphere. But rather than growing at the same rate in all directions, the succeeding cells differ from the original, and grow in a great variety of shapes.

It is this difference in shape that accounts for the many kinds of tissues and formations of the body. And it is this difference, too, that accounts for the varying speeds of growth of the many parts of the body. For the more complicated the cells become, the slower they grow. Nerve cells, for instance, never grow after birth. You are born with your full quota and you will never add another though you live to the age of Methuselah!

But the cells responsible for the growth of the bones increase in number, adding new little islands of bony material throughout the whole growing period. These are the "bone centers" located near the ends of the child's bones, each of which eventually fuses to the main bone, extending its length and changing its shape. While this lengthening process is going on, another one, equally mysterious, increases the thickness of the hollow bones by adding layers on the outside and at the same time removing layers from the inside.

How tall, how broad—what shape will any child be? Between "Man Mountain" Dean and the Abraham

Lincoln pattern, there are many body types. One group of scientists believes that, at the age of six, the child's body type is permanently established. But there is still much to be learned about this, and the mere fact that a six-year-old is short and chubby or tall and thin doesn't mean that he will keep those proportions the rest of his life.

Actually, the chances are the reverse, for growth tends to alternate between vertical and horizontal directions. One pediatrician has charted the alternations this way: birth to one year—first spring-up; age one to five—first fill-out; age five to seven—second spring-up, and so on.

Nobody can say why all parts of the body grow in such beautifully regulated proportions. Look at the skin of a six-year-old, for example. Why doesn't it grow too much, giving him folds like a hippopotamus, or so little that he looks like a balloon about to burst? Yet, at six, it has grown just enough. This is one of the incredibly precise coordinations of nature that science can only partly explain.

FOR THE TEEN-AGER, the production and release of hormones of the sex glands is of far-reaching importance, not only in bringing the body the ability to beget or bear children, but in setting off a whole chain of reactions. The boy's voice changes through the growth of the larynx; his beard grows, and his weight and height increase rapidly. The girl, in addition to menstruation, develops the characteristic feminine form, accompanied by an increase in height and weight. All these changes are set

off by the magic of sex hormones.

The sex glands have dual functions, and in their role as "ductless" glands deliver their hormones directly to the blood stream, which carries them to all parts of the body. Each sex produces both male and female hormones, and their proportions influence the degree of masculinity or femininity of each individual. It is the reaction of these hormones with the distant cells and tissues of the body that produces the changed voice or the feminine form that are the outward marks of what we call "maturing."

Nobody watching a 16-year-old consume six hamburgers and four "Cokes" at a sitting can possibly overlook the fact that it takes a lot of fuel to keep him going. Eating at the adolescent's rate would put most adults out of commission—perhaps in the hospital. How does the teen-ager do it?

The answer goes back to the fact that growth is most rapid at the start of development. At 16, cells and tissues are still young, and the ability of the adolescent to "break down" foods chemically and to build new cells and tissues is considerably above the adult's capacity. His body is still working at a very high level of efficiency.

When we check the marks on the door-jamb that show junior's growth through his sixteenth year, we are likely to look at this adolescent with some concern. How much taller *can* he grow? And why will he stop growing, anyway?

Scientists, as well as parents, have been asking these questions for a long time. In one classic experiment, Dr. Alexis Carrel kept a piece of chicken heart alive more than 25

years. It might be growing today if the experiment had not been intentionally stopped.

This was the famous demonstration proving that life cells do not lose the power to grow. Rather, they seem prevented from growing by factors outside themselves. And if we could find the means of retaining this power of growth in our cells—preventing the prevention—we might live forever.

Dr. Carrel concluded from his experiment that as our tissues age, their efficiency decreases in producing, using and getting rid of the hundreds of hormones, enzymes, waste and other products that the thousand billion cells of our bodies pour into the blood stream. This decreased efficiency, the lower growing capacity of the cells as they become more complicated, and the difficulties put in the way of growth by mere increase in bodily bulk—all these lead to the slowdown in general growth.

As our 16-year-old gets bigger and bigger, these slowdown factors operate to retard his growth, too. But how big can he get?

The records of the last 150 years indicate that the well-fed American is heavier and taller than his forefathers. The trend is unmistakable: our 16-year-old is likely to be taller than his father and mother. But no serious scientist is likely to say that each generation will grow taller than the previous one for centuries on end. Improved diets and hygiene probably have had a lot to do with the accelerated growth in recent years.

By 17, the adolescent is likely to be about seven and a half heads high, though each individual has

his own growing schedule. The growth patterns of two people—even twins—are never identical. Diet, disease, and a variety of factors affect each one differently.

Of all these factors, only diet can be reasonably controlled, and it is the only one ever seriously reported in experiments with human beings. Far more striking than reports on human diet, however, are C. M. McCay's experiments at Cornell University in slowing up the growth of white rats.

McCay fed rats a diet that maintained them in good health, and contained all the essentials for adequate growth except calories. The result was that it took these rats more than eight times the usual length of time to reach maturity!

This raises some interesting questions about human beings. Could our growth span be increased so that the normal child's curiosity and learning ability would extend well beyond early adult life?

If the psychologist's statement is true—that we use only a minute fraction of our potential mental ability—do we have here a clue toward development of an intellectual race of amazing superiority? Had our 17-year-old been fed on the same diet as the white rats, would he now—at 17—be the physical equivalent of a normal child only a little more than two years old?

Fascinating as these speculations are, they are likely to remain theoretical for a long time to come—for obvious reasons. The more practical fields of investigation hinge on the precise ways in which we use our foods in growth, and the renewal of our tissues. And since the develop-

ment of the cyclotron and the large-scale production of "tagged" atoms, tremendous advances in our knowledge have been made.

Feed radioactive proteins to a rat on Monday, for example, and by Wednesday you will find that they have become parts of cells all over his body. Radioactive phosphorus turns up as bone salts in all parts of the skeleton. Then, within a month, they leave the bones and are replaced by new salts.

And so it is, apparently, with every element, every compound, every cell and tissue: each one is

traded in on a new model within weeks or months. But the process goes on more slowly as our 17-year-old turns 18, 19, 20.

The vistas of future knowledge are tremendous. But what we already know is that, in 20 years, the human body grows to "eight heads high" with a fantastic series of speed-ups and slowdowns, and that the infinitely complex influences which change the tiny infant to the full-grown man or woman are interwoven with such astounding precision that even the most cynical skeptic must call it miraculous.

Answers to Coronet Quick Quizzes

Let's Get Down to Business (Quiz on page 51)

1. A bear is one who believes conditions will get worse; a bull believes they will get better; 2. The dead beat is one who sponges or doesn't pay his bill. A deadhead is a nonpaying guest who doesn't get a bill; 3. 240 pounds. A long ton is 2,240 pounds; a short ton, 2,000 pounds; 4. Note well, no good, and Notary Public; 5. An inexperienced speculator in an office where they gamble on the stock exchange; 6. That you have a bill to pay within thirty days; 7. Free on board the carrier at Chicago. You pay no carrying charges from Detroit to Chicago; 8. No. Each state decides for itself what holidays it wants observed; 9. No. A liquid asset is one that can be quickly converted into cash; a frozen asset is one that cannot; 10. More money—to insure him against loss.

Are You a Vocabulary Trainer? (Quiz on page 149)

1. danger, disaster; 2. dark, dusk, dim, dismal; 3. debit, debt; 4. descend, decline; 5. deep; 6. deliberate; 7. difference, dissimilarity; 8. drunk; 9. dampen; 10. deprive; 11. dynamic, dramatic; 12. dull; 13. droll; 14. deceitful, deceptive, dissembling, disingenuous, double-dealing; 15. destitute; 16. dawdle, dally, delay; 17. doleful, dolorous, dismayed; 18. dulcet; 19. dissuade, deter; 20. daft, demented, demoniac; 21. dearth, deficiency; 22. discordant, dissonant; 23. damn; 24. debilitated, decadent, decrepit, delicate, degenerate.

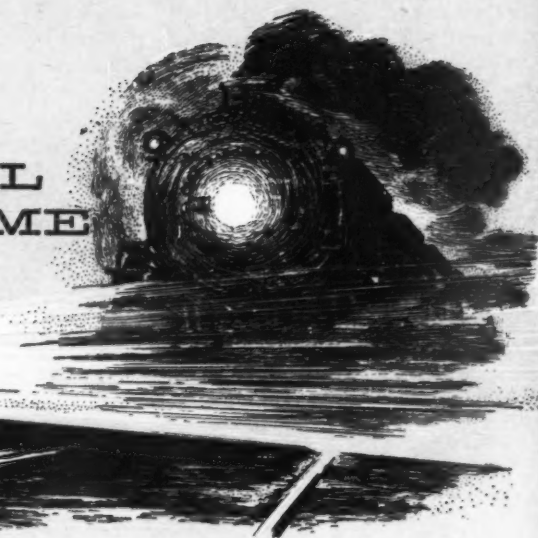


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THE FATAL WELCOME

by JOHN FERRIS



FOR 51 YEARS, William R. Hammill had been a railroad man on the Reading Line between Camden, New Jersey, and Atlantic City. As engineer, he had piloted locomotives more than 1,000,000 miles without a fatal accident.

On October 31, 1928, Hammill was to make his final run to Camden. The train would arrive at 7 o'clock. Then Hammill would rush to the railway Y.M.C.A., to be guest at a big testimonial dinner in honor of his retirement.

Shortly before 7 P.M., people in downtown Camden heard a din of whistles. Flashing railroad blinkers added to the melee.

This was the city's salute to Hammill. The Reading had started whooping things up as the train raced toward Camden. The deafening uproar

grew steadily, infectiously.

At 6:55, a car driven by Nikifor Rechiz approached a South Camden crossing. Beside him was his 11-year-old daughter. The gates were up. The din of whistles smothered the train's warning roar.

In another five minutes Bill Hammill would hang up his blue coveralls forever. In another five minutes... There was a sickening crash. But the din of welcome swallowed up the dying screams of Rechiz and his young daughter.

At the testimonial dinner, civic leaders praised Hammill's safety record. But all were burdened by a common thought: had the saluting whistles been silent, Rechiz would have heard the approaching train—and Hammill's record would have remained unbroken.



God Visits the Maternity Ward

by WILLA BLAKE

Here is the stirring and memorable story of a man strong enough to challenge fate

MISS TRAVIS POKED her white-capped head into the room where I was assembling thermometers on a hospital tray. "Hi," she said briskly. "Has God come in?"

I shook my head, suppressing a smile. There was no need to ask whom she meant.

"Who does he think he is, God?" the nurses always asked after one of Dr. Moellen's brusque reprimands. Even though no lowly nurse's aid like myself would dare to use it, I thought the nickname apt.

"Well, he'd better hurry," said Travis. "One of his O.B.'s is almost ready."

"Jenny?" I asked excitedly.

My attitude toward Jenny was strictly unprofessional. She had lost her first son two years before, and

I knew how prayerfully she and her husband awaited this child.

"No, the other one," Travis said.

This other one was not to see her baby, at her own request. She had already made arrangements to send it to an orphanage. I went on fixing the tray, thinking about the defiant, unmarried girl. "Don't look so stricken," Travis said. "You'll get used to these things."

There were only two women in the maternity ward that evening. Jenny lay bright-eyed and watchful in the bed nearest the door. "How do you like Terry for a boy's name?" she asked as I came in.

"It's cute . . . Open your mouth."

I approached the other bed cautiously, for this patient had a caustic tongue. "Take that away!"

she said now, jerking her wrist free. I hesitated. The night nurse came in, coolly picked up the girl's wrist. "You'll make it easier for yourself if you calm down," she said. "Dr. Moellen is on his way to examine you now."

It was one of those frantic nights in the understaffed hospital, with lights flashing incessantly and feet pattering along the corridors. The head nurse had assigned me to an upper floor, and it was nearly morning before I came downstairs again. As I started toward the office to check out, a tired nurse passed me in the hall. "Go take a look in the nursery, will you?" she pleaded. "I'm simply swamped."

There were two infants in the room. Lifting the curled hand of the nearest one, I saw the label Smith on its wrist, and quickly, before the wizened face could leave an imprint on my heart, passed on to the next one.

This was Jenny's baby, the child she had wanted so much. As I stood looking at it, a dreadful tightness constricted my throat and I ran into the hall. Never before had I been so glad to come face to face with Dr. Moellen.

"The baby," I gasped. "Oh, Doctor, there's something dreadfully wrong!"

He hurried toward the room, while I waited helplessly. In the middle of eternity he reappeared.

"Please," I asked, "the baby?"

He looked past me, his face dark

and forbidding. Then, rubbing a hand wearily over his eyes, he shook his head. . . .

Leaden feet carried me to work next evening. I assembled the tray with dread, and went to every room on the floor before going to Jenny's. They had moved the Smith girl to the sun porch, and she lay staring at the ceiling, silent for the first time since her arrival. At length, when postponement was no longer possible, I tiptoed into the maternity ward.

Jenny saw me over Dr. Moellen's shoulder, and smiled. Her husband sat beside the bed. I knew that they had not told her, and I must not be there to hear it. "I—I forgot something," I mumbled.

"Come here first," Jenny called.

Reluctantly I came to the foot of her bed and looked down. Cradled in her arm was a fuzzy little head. "It's a girl," Jenny said.

I looked at Dr. Moellen then, and he was staring at me with a peculiar intensity. There was defiance in his eyes, and something like pleading—the look of a man strong enough to challenge fate, yet weak enough to doubt his own heart's wisdom.

The next thing I knew I was in the hall and Travis was saying, "I hear the Smith baby died. It's a blessing, in a way. Have you seen God around?"

I looked at her for a moment. "God?" I said absently. "Oh, yes, he's in the maternity ward."

PHOTO CREDITS: Page 59, photo used in montage, Mt. Wilson and Palomar Observatory; 115 (bottom), Russell Birdwell and Associates; 116 (top), Tom Kelley; 116 (bottom), George Hurrell; 117, 118 (bottom), 121 (bottom), 122, Culver Service; 118 (top), 119, 120, 121 (top-bottom), R-K-O Radio Pictures; 118 (top-bottom), Penguin Photos.

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The new Governor, fondly handling the shining implements, remarked, "This is first-class work! I didn't know you were a blacksmith, Judge."

The little jurist shrugged modestly. "Well, every once in a while I wander into a blacksmith shop and make something. I don't want anyone to forget my humble start in life."

For the next few weeks, a light shone late at night from the Governor's chamber, and not even his closest colleagues knew what political strategy was brewing. Then one day, Judge Pepper was summoned to the Capitol, where the Governor handed him a broadcloth coat. "Why, Andy," the Judge gasped. "You didn't have to buy me such a fine coat!"

"Buy, nothing!" the Governor snorted. "I made it myself."

Then the man who was to become President of the United States smiled. "You once said something about humble beginnings, Judge. And I don't want you ever to forget that Andrew Johnson was once a tailor!"

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